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THE LAST OF THE PROTECTIONISTS: A PASSAGE OF PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.

BY W. SKEEN.

THE annals of our party dissensions do not supply an instance where the victory of the conquerors was more complete, or the submission of the vanquished more prompt and decided, than in the case of the great fight that was fought out within the walls of Parliament fourteen years ago. The beneficent fruits of the Corn Law Repeal were so palpable in their evidence, and so rapid in their growth, that the men who prophesied all manner of evil from the measures of 1846 have since that time been left without a single pretext for the maintenance of their opinions. The great majority, indeed, have with graceful candour confessed their error; and, though here and there one of the old Protectionists—the “cannon balls,” as they have been designated—may still be encountered, it is well understood that his consistency in the face of light is due quite as much to the obstinacy of pride, or to the idiosyncrasy of the individual, as to the convictions of the politician. The country has reaped the advantages of this in every way. The material prosperity which followed with a full flood the repeal has not only increased the national resources to an amazing extent, but it has put the different classes of the community into good humour with each other. Dr. Chalmers's prediction, expressed in his own terse language, that nothing would tend so much “to sweeten the breath

of society” as a repeal of the Corn Laws, has been fulfilled in a still wider sense than even he perhaps meant it. The clamours of the poor against the rich have been stilled; the gladiators who fought front to front in the arena have long since shaken hands. It would be a strange thing now to hear either farmer or squire curse the treachery of Sir Robert Peel; and those who enjoy the fruits of the victory he won for them may afford to look back with interest, and even with a certain degree of admiration, on the struggles of the men who did their best to withhold them, and who, taken all at unawares, still made so gallant a defence, and fought so desperately on behalf of what they at least believed to be the cause of the country.

They undoubtedly fought at a disadvantage. The men in whom they had been accustomed to repose their confidence suddenly moved from their side, and went over to the camp of their adversaries. It was not the ministers alone, though that would have been aggravation enough; but almost every man of their party who had been accustomed to address the House with anything like acceptance announced his intention of following in the ministerial track. Upon the bulk of the party the new doctrines had made no impression; but then they were of the class whom nature had formed for the lobby rather

than the floor of the House, and who influenced divisions rather than debates—men who would shrink from the echoes of their own voices if they heard them within the walls of St. Stephen's expressing any more articulate sounds than "Hear, hear." That their rage was at the highest all knew, but many doubted whether even then it would boil over in words. Many excruciating jokes were made against the poor Protectionists, in those days left guideless as a flock of their own sheep when the bellwethers have been removed. It was exultingly proclaimed in Free Trade circles, how each squire at the Carlton was urging his bucolic brother to stand up in the House, and make a martyr of himself in the cause of his country and protection, and how each, as the honour was offered him, passed it round, and professed his willingness to undertake any part but that. He would attend in his place; he would shout himself hoarse in cheering whatever the orators on his side might advance, without at all inquiring into the quality of the address; but as for making a speech himself, *that* he neither could nor would do! The Free Traders therefore hugged themselves in the expectation of an easy and rapid victory, not because they hoped to convince their opponents, but because they believed their opponents would have nothing to say. The speeches, they asserted, as well as the arguments, would be all on one side. On that point, however, they were mistaken. Surprised, abandoned, deserted—as they believed, betrayed—the Protectionists still showed in that hour of their extremity the characteristics of their English blood and breeding. Though cowed, they were not panic-stricken; deprived of their old leaders, and hardly as yet knowing in whom to trust, they closed their ranks, stood shoulder to shoulder, and determined to fight it out to the last. Not even on that fearful morning when the British army on the heights of Inkermann fought and won their glorious "soldier's victory," did the stubborn endurance of our race stand

out in stronger relief than was manifested by the county members in the hour of their surprise. With the character of the arguments they used we have here nothing to do. History can charitably afford to forget them; but those who would most condemn their perversity will ever be forward to admire the courage with which, believing what they said and did to be right, they devoted themselves to their task, the energy they flung into their cause, and the pertinacious resistance which contested to the last inch of ground what was from the first a manifestly hopeless battle.

After all, there was found to be no lack of speakers. Out of the wreck of the party a few tolerable orators were still found remaining on their side, among whom Mr. Disraeli, having an envenomed personal quarrel to fight out with the Minister, was then as now *facile princeps*; and there were plenty of youthful aspirants for fame ready to fill up the gaps caused by the desertions. The men who had been for years in the House of Commons and the men who entered yesterday were in some respects on a level; a short and direct way to distinction was open to any one who might have the boldness to snatch and the intellect to retain it. A new party was shaping itself out of the wreck of the old, and its adherents were fully conscious that their success depended on organization, discipline, and, over and above all,—as agents in enforcing both,—leaders. But for the present the leading staff lay on the ground, waiting for the bold hand to grasp it. The glittering prize was displayed full in view to tempt the young and ambitious politician. Who was to be the fortunate man that in this hour of chaos would step forth to assuage the jarring elements, assign each man his place, and concentrate and direct the energies of those sanguine but perplexed politicians, who, helpless in their disorganization, stood ready to welcome the first who should prove himself fit for command, to elevate him on their shields, and proclaim him for their chief. Aspirations after such a

prize flitted across the brain of more than one rising statesman, whose speeches had heretofore met with more than usual acceptance. One in particular, we recollect—an amiable and accomplished gentleman, slightly tinged with vanity, on whom the grave has since prematurely closed—took it on him, at one unlucky moment of more than usual elation, to thank the members of his party for their devotion, and, as if he had already been installed at their head, to assure them that their constancy in attending through the discussions had been particularly gratifying “to my mind.” The burst of irrepressible laughter which followed from his own friends completely and for ever extinguished the pretensions of the kind-hearted egotist. But not the less the necessity of having a leader was acknowledged; and this small outburst of individual ambition served, perhaps, to hasten the decision. When rival pretenders are in the field, it is time that the dictator should be distinctly proclaimed. Yet the decision of the party, when it was announced, took the world by surprise, and supplied matter for inexhaustible ridicule to their opponents. Their choice fell on Lord George Bentinck—a nobleman who could not be said to be unknown to the world, for his name had been associated for years with the proceedings on every race-course in England; but as a politician he had never been heard of. For twenty years indeed he had sat in the House of Commons, as member for the borough of King’s Lynn; and there is a tradition that once, during the early part of that period, he seconded the address in reply to the Royal Speech; but all the rest of his parliamentary duties had been confined to the division lobbies. Silent in debate, not very constant in attendance, his preference at all times markedly shown for the hunting-field or the race-course over the dry details of politics, his life had hitherto been that of a fashionable man of pleasure, to whose name the appendage of M.P. is regarded as a graceful ornament, without any corresponding sense of duty or obligation. Was such a man

to be entrusted with the management of a great party? How was he, who had been himself so slack in all matters of party discipline, to tighten the reins on the necks of others? He who had ever shown contempt for the details of business—how was he now to throw aside the habits of a lifetime, and devote himself to their mastery? He who hardly knew the forms of the House, or whether it was in or out of committee, except by the fact that the Speaker was in or out of the chair—where was he now to acquire that knowledge of minute and intricate yet important parts of parliamentary practice, unfamiliarity with which only exposes a public man the more to ridicule? And, more than all, who ever heard of a party leader that was not at the same time the party orator? Where would be the use of a mute leader in the House of Commons? And yet what better was to be expected from the man who for twenty years had sat in the midst of them, listening to the discussion of the most stirring questions that had ever agitated Europe, without once opening his lips? If he possessed the tongue of fire, however latent, surely some spark must have fallen upon it in all that time to cause it to leap forth in flame! Or was it the danger to the paternal interests that was once again to revive the miracle of ancient days in giving speech to the dumb? The latter explanation was most in favour with the scoffing Free Traders, while the wisest of the Protectionist party looked on the experiment with fear and misgiving, as one akin to the position of their party—a desperate venture in a desperate cause.

But the subject of all these comments admitted of no such misgivings. So many of them as came to his ears only the more nerved him to undertake the task. He came of a race which had ever been conspicuous for warm and strong feelings, and who often concealed under a cold exterior the most chivalrous devotion to a desperate cause. The qualities which Macaulay has immortalised as possessed by the Dutch head of the family had been preserved by him in all

their fine and noble elements, inwrought in the course of generations with all that was frank, open, and manly in the character of an English gentleman. How such rare qualities should have been wasted during the best, and alas ! much the longest, portion of Lord George's lifetime, is to be imputed probably to the luxurious and enervating era of the Regency in which his early life was cast ; but it shows how little those follies had affected his noble nature, that at the call of his party he so readily threw them all aside, and devoted himself to the work of those who had called him from his inglorious ease. Whatever his inward sense of disqualification might be, it is certain that he allowed no symptoms of them to escape him. He exchanged, to use one of his own rough and vigorous similes, the pike of the soldier for the truncheon of the general with as much ease and dignity as if he had carried the latter all his life. It was a favourite theory among the party then—a theory created by the exigencies of their own position—that there was no mystery in politics ; that an honest heart and an unvarnished tongue were all that were wanted for the government of England. Of course the new chief was a loud assertor of a doctrine that told so much in his own favour ; but he did not the less set himself in private to prepare for the task he had undertaken. One of the reproaches he seems to have felt most keenly was the objection that he could not make a long speech. It is said that, nettled by the sarcasm, he introduced his turf habits into the councils of the party, and offered any odds that he would address the House of Commons in a speech of three hours' duration. There were plenty of kindred spirits among the Protectionists to accept the bet, and from that time forward Lord George and his three hours' speech became a standing subject for ridicule, till, as we shall presently see, it proved to be neither joke nor fable. His first essay in the House, however, was one of a much more modest nature. On that memorable night when Sir Robert Peel unfolded his Corn-

Law project amidst the dead silence of those who had all his lifetime been his supporters, and the enthusiastic cheers of those who only once before, and then at the expense of a similar party desertion, had found themselves on the same side with him—he had no sooner sat down than he was assailed on all sides with questions, many of them honestly put on points that had been left obscure, but the greater portion ensnaring and entangling in their character, intended to entrap him into some unguarded admission, or to show that he had left some great interest unconsidered. These snares, however, the great minister snapped as easily as Samson did the green withes ; and he was on the point of issuing from the ordeal, all the more strengthened in his position, when, from the end of one of the backmost benches below the gangway, rose a tall, slender, graceful figure, who in a voice clear and well modulated, though slightly nervous, begged to ask if the minister had considered the effect of the Corn-Law repeal on the position of the farmers under the Tithe Commutation Act. Sir Robert was evidently taken by surprise : he for the first time faltered and hesitated in his reply, and at length admitted he had not adverted to that point, but added, to cover his retreat, that he did not believe his measure would operate to injure the position of the farmer. This palpable hit delighted Lord George's followers, who cheered as if the shot, delivered with such an air of simplicity, and which had gone so directly home, were the sure prelude to their coming triumph. To understand its point, it must be borne in mind that, by the Tithe Commutation Act of England, the farmer pays his tithe, not according to the price of corn in that particular year, but on an average computed according to its price for the seven years preceding, so that any violent derangement, producing a fall in the price, would, in addition to its other evils, entail on the farmer the hardship of paying tithes calculated on a high scale during the years in which he was suffering unwonted depression. This fear, we need not say, turned out to be

as groundless as the other illusions of the party; but at the time it was thought to have hit an uncovered spot in what otherwise appeared to be the complete panoply of the minister.

These were skirmishes. The pitched battle was fought on the second reading of the bill, when the whole forces of the opposition were brought into action. The squirearchy, to the astonishment of their opponents, and not less, perhaps, of themselves, displayed an extraordinary amount of the speaking faculty. Instead of the discussion being all on one side, as the Free Traders had somewhat boastfully predicted, the hitherto silent Protectionists took to the trade of oratory with a will, and maintained the wordy contest for three full weeks, debating night after night incessantly, and to the very last showing no lack of aspirants for parliamentary fame. Of the quality of those speeches, as we have already hinted, there is not much to be said; but quality was at that time only a secondary element in the matter. What was wanted was speakers; good, bad, and indifferent, all were welcomed alike who had the courage to face the House, and address "Mr. Speaker." It was touching to witness the devotion of some of these martyrs, who had done violence to their strongest feelings in offering themselves to the notice of the House; but they did not go without a martyr's consolation in the enthusiasm with which platitudes the most trite, paradoxes the most astounding, and sophistries the most glaring, were cheered by common consent of the whole party. Most of these men have since that time sunk back again into the obscurity from which they for the moment emerged; but there are others who, then making their first essay in the House, have since maintained the footing then gained, and have even become men of weight and authority there. Among these may be mentioned the right honourable member for Oxfordshire, Mr. Henley, who on that occasion made the first exhibition of that sharp, shrewd, quick intellect, obtuse enough in dealing with great principles, but marvellous in its power

of detecting small flaws in points of detail, which has since rendered him the terror of all who have the charge of bills in the House of Commons. But in the main the debate went along drearily enough. It was the policy of the Free Trade minister to make no attempt to shorten the discussion, but to give the fullest scope to all speakers on both sides, as he rightly considered that one full debate at the outset would smooth the way to more rapid progress hereafter. Nevertheless, towards the close of the third week, it began to be felt by all parties that they had had enough; and by common consent it was arranged that the Friday night of that week should witness the division. The delay that had occurred allowed Mr. Cobden, who had previously been laid aside by indisposition, to take his place among the Free Trade orators who with so much spirit and ability vindicated the measure, and to bring his "unadorned eloquence" to the final triumph of the cause it had contributed so largely to win. The minister had made his reply; all his subordinates had contributed their quota of argument—Sir James Graham, in particular, having tossed off from his shoulders a whole pile of inconsistencies, quoted from Hansard, with the one defiant reply, "I've changed my mind, and there's an end on't;" and at midnight on Friday the question seemed ripe for settlement. But all this while the hero of the Protection party had kept in the background. In the language of the turf, which he at least would not have resented, "the dark horse" was now to be brought out. Lord George Bentinck had waited till this time, that he might have the credit of closing the debate, and send the members to the division lobbies with his words still ringing in their ears, and the spell of his eloquence, if that might be, fresh on their spirits. And now, before an exhausted House and in the midst of loud calls for a division, he arose. With what feelings he contemplated the task before him—how he looked around the House, where he had been so long a quiet listener to the

deliberations he all at once aspired to away—it would be useless to speculate. But his appearance at once stilled the excited members, and hushed the clamours for a division. There had been much talk of his advent ; the expectations of his friends had extended so far among his opponents as to produce a feeling of considerable interest in him ; and his rising was looked for with a keen and eager curiosity on all sides. Men were anxious to ascertain whether he would prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him ; and there was, besides, that generous feeling which ever has, and, let us hope, ever will exist in the House of Commons the desire to find in every new speaker a probable accession to the at all times scanty bea-roll of living parliamentary celebrities. So, on his rising, members ceased their impatient outcries, settled themselves in their seats again, glad to compound by the farther delay of an hour or so for the opportunity of hearing the man who was named by the voice of the whole party for the post of future opposition leader. And the impression made at the beginning of his speech was not unfavourable. From the first he showed the graceful self-possession of an English gentleman. He faltered, indeed, terribly ; but it was more from want of practice than from nervousness : his tongue seemed as if it were encrusted with the rust of years, and creaked harshly on its hinges, at times altogether refusing to do its master's bidding ; but that has been the fault of many a great orator at the outset of his career ; and every one knows that, if the ideas are there, they will, at whatever cost, force a channel for themselves. The flow of Lord George's eloquence was far from smooth, but it was rendered the more picturesque by its continuous breaking and foaming and gurgling and rushing round the many obstructions which his utter want of practice threw in his way. His auditors looked kindly on his efforts : not only as a new aspirant for parliamentary fame, but also because the House is always in the mood of

"Honeying to the accents of a lord."

So for an hour or so due order was kept, and a respectful, if not an enthusiastic, audience given by his opponents to statements and arguments which, not very new in themselves, derived little advantage from the way in which they were presented. Here and there, indeed, scattered at irregular intervals through the address, there was a rough but apt metaphor, or a vigorous thought, enough to show that the choice of the party was not wholly without excuse ; but for the most part all was a dull, dreary level of commonplace, and attention was kept alive only by the interest felt in the speaker's evident struggle to give those commonplaces birth. It was not in human nature to endure much of this. Men got tired at last of listening to a repetition of often refuted arguments, that had not even the merit of being set forth in a new dress : of piles of figures produced, without regard to order or arrangement, but tumbled forth before the House all in a heap, a crude, indigestible mass, while the speaker went stammering, faltering, blundering on, till men's minds grew dizzy, and the very scope and bearing of his argument was lost. At first there were muttered shouts of "time" and "divide," which were instantly treated as a defiance, and drowned in the vehement cheers of his partisans. By-and-by the dissentients became more decided in their opposition, which his friends, nothing disheartened, met again with counter shouts, breathing defiance to their antagonists and encouragement to their champion. As the time went on, these opposing shouts became more continuous and more loud, till at last they swelled into one continuous roar, in which the voice of Lord George Bentinck was wholly drowned. But in the midst of it all, calm, collected, and smiling, Lord George might be seen upon his legs, moving his head, and gesticulating with his arms, as if with them to piece out the imperfections of his tongue, but otherwise as little moved by the din and hubbub that raged all around him as if he had been discoursing with a few friends in his own

dining-room. The effect was curious. As, in some of the sublime compositions of Handel, a thunder-storm of music breaks forth from the choir, and then for an instant or two a single voice is heard pealing forth the strains of praise, or the wail of anguish, to be again as quickly swallowed up in another burst from all the voices in the orchestra, so fared it with Lord George Bentinck ; the screams, the shouts, the yells even, that rose around him on all sides affected him not ; he knew it was of no use stopping till silence could be obtained ; he had his speech to deliver, his three hours to occupy, and on the delivery of his speech, and the occupation of his self-appointed time, he was determined, let come what might. When the sonorous tones of Mr. Speaker Lefevre, rising high and clear above all the din for a minute or two, awed his refractory subjects into silence, or when sheer exhaustion compelled a momentary lull on both sides, his voice was heard stumbling and struggling, but still placid as ever, setting forth, perhaps, some unintelligible figures about the silk trade, or the varying prices of wool. It was but for a moment ; the rival shouters had only paused for breath ; and then the battle recommenced, and raged more furiously than ever, while through it all, in calm and in storm the same, the undaunted orator held on his way, and never ceased his efforts, nor allowed the House a respite till the three hours he had undertaken to occupy were expired, and then he sat down with the proud consciousness of a man who under arduous circumstances had done his duty and earned his reward. At three o'clock the House divided, and the fate

of the Corn Laws was sealed.

Such as Lord George Bentinck was on that eventful night, such he continued to be through the remainder of his brief career. After this he spoke often and long, showing traces of a vigorous mind, which, if disciplined by early training and practice, might have been capable of great things. But he could never overcome the defects arising from his long silence in the House. He never became a smooth and graceful speaker ; to the last his hesitation was painful to the listener. He had one still more capital defect, which seemed innate in his mind, and which would have permanently disqualified him from taking a high place among parliamentary orators ; to the last he was incapable of grappling with great principles, and lost himself as well as his hearers in an ocean of details, which he was not able to master or arrange. His notion of a statesman, borrowed in some degree, it must be confessed, from the example of Sir Robert Peel, was that of a man who was deep in a knowledge of imports and exports—who had the range of manufacturing prices at his fingers' ends ; and, from the moment he resolved to embark in politics, he buried himself in a mass of blue-books. Over these he pored by day ; and with the undigested results he had obtained from these he surfeited the House by night. It is generally understood that his insane devotion to them affected his health, and brought to a premature grave a man who, with all his faults and all his perversities, deserves to be regarded by his countrymen as the model type of a high-souled, frank-hearted, manly Englishman.

MY FRIEND MR. BEDLOW: OR, REMINISCENCES OF AMERICAN COLLEGE LIFE.

BY CARL BENSON, AUTHOR OF "FIVE YEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY," &c.

A SECOND PART.

THE reader will not have forgotten our young New-Yorker, Mr. William Bedlow, in sketching some of whose adventures at Yale College, Connecticut, we had an opportunity, not long ago, of giving a little information, which may have been new on this side the water, respecting American College-life, and the ways of young Americans generally. As American matters are stirring considerably at present, perhaps a few more reminiscences of the same gentleman may not now be unwelcome. Taking Mr. Bedlow up, therefore, at the point where we left him,—namely, at the conclusion of his first year—let us follow him rapidly through the rest of his College course, beginning at his second year, known, it may be remembered, in the vocabulary of the Yalensians, as the "*sophomore* year, or year of the *Sopha*."

Bedlow soon perceived that, if he continued to be a professed joker of jokes, he would end by losing the respect of his class mates, and forfeit all pretension to superiority, and all claims to office and honour. Therefore, in his *sophomore* year he set to work in earnest on the serious business of the place.

That is to say, he applied himself diligently to the academic course of studies?

Well, reader, not *exactly*. I was not thinking of that at all. I mean, that he went largely into the "speaking and writing."

Some portion of this certainly does enter into the academic course. The students write compositions once a week all the "*sophomore*" year; debates once a week all the junior year; debates or

compositions once a week all the senior year. Writing English prose is as standing a dish at an American college as writing Latin verse at an English public school. Numerous composition prizes are given during the second year; there used to be eighteen in a class of a hundred or less. Still, the students, thinking these exercises had not sufficient influence on the final academic honours, and also finding no provision made for the art of extempore speaking, undertook to supply the deficiency among themselves; and they certainly did so. They edited a magazine, electing the editors annually from each successive "*junior*" class. To be one of these editors was an honour eagerly coveted and sought. To be president of one of the large debating societies was another great card; to be the *first* president of the three annually elected was an extraordinary distinction, and fearful struggles took place for it. It was no sinecure post of mere honour either, for the president had to read his "*decision*" of every debate, like a judge charging a jury, before the question was put to vote. Such honours as these, and the membership of the secret societies, were more thought of than any that the "*faculty*" had to bestow. And the faculty themselves had to acknowledge the power of the societies, particularly of the big "*literary*" societies, indirectly, in various ways. You, O cantab reader (you know I made up my mind at first that you *are* a cantab), would have some difficulty in realizing this state of things. You must look at the matter in this light. As the original theory of an English university is that the majority of its *alumni* are to take orders, so the

original theory of an American college is that the majority of its graduates are to become public men. And, though a large percentage of the American students will be clergymen, these form no exception to the rule; for, without taking into account the habits of lecturing and extempore preaching, the American clergyman is apt to be a public man, and have his say on political matters. Many of us firmly believed, and openly declared, that the collegiate was of no value for what we learned in the "recitation" rooms, but that its merit consisted in its being a preparation for, and a foretaste of, a political career. Certainly we did learn a great deal of human nature, *political* human nature especially.¹

Bedlow did very well at this business. He was decidedly quick and immensely confident; had a capital memory, and a convenient faculty of assimilation and adaptation. He could cento speeches and essays out of the multitudinous newspapers and reviews which he was always reading (you must indulge me in that new verb), just as one of your crack scholars centos lambics out of the Greek Tragedians and Elegiacs out of Ovid. So he was elected secretary, and in due course of time, president, of his society, and editor of the magazine—not without a hard struggle in each case, for he was far from a universal favourite, and the "beneficiaries" generally voted dead against him.

¹ It is *just possible* that the above remarks may be somewhat rashly generalized, and that what is undoubtedly true of Yale, may not hold good of other colleges. Graduates of the *American* Cambridge, *alias* Harvard, have assured me that the undergraduates there do not think more of the societies than of the academic work. At Columbia College, New York, the regular studies certainly had the best of it, and perhaps for that reason were carried on more thoroughly. But Columbia, for local reasons, can never be more than a superior class of day-school. I have never seen an account of any American college commencement, or other celebration, in which the literary and secret societies did not figure largely. Besides, Yale, being the largest and most in repute of all American colleges, may not improperly be taken as our type and example of the system.

At the same time you must not suppose that Bedlow neglected his "recitations" entirely, or that he only just managed to pass muster at them. And here you may ask what sort of collegiate course it was that was so undervalued and so overriden by other pursuits. The best I can say of it is, that it was quite as good as you could expect under all the circumstances. The professors, as a general rule, were capable men enough, but they laboured under two great disadvantages, without counting the rivalry of the societies. In the first place, not being sufficiently numerous for the work, they were obliged to have recourse to the aid of tutors. These tutors were graduates of a few years' standing, regarding their tutorship merely as a pecuniary aid during their brief term of professional study, and having no permanent interest in the place, save only the comparatively few of them who looked forward to professorships. But a worse difficulty was the insufficient preparation of most of the students. "The greater part of them are spoiled before they get to us," were the very words of a professor's complaint to me. The best prepared generally came from the private schools, which I fancy do not differ much from English private schools, except that more attention is paid to the modern languages, and that the principal is not necessarily, or even generally, a clergyman. Some of our best classics came from the public school at Boston. It used to be rather "the business" for rich Bostonians to send their sons to the public school. It was a peculiarity of Boston; I never heard of such a thing in New York, or any other city. Whether they did so from motives of economy, or democracy, or simply because it was the best school in Boston, I am not able to say. They themselves gave the last reason.

But many of the students, particularly the beneficiaries and other *opsimatheis*, were self-prepared; which is nearly tantamount to saying that they were unprepared. Some of them had gone through, or were supposed to have gone through, in one year, *without* a teacher,

the proper labour of three years with one.¹ Private tuition, unknown within the college, is rare without it, for several reasons, not the least of which is its expense. If, therefore, the candidate is too old to go to school, he is generally compelled to teach himself.

By way of mending matters, the undergraduate is not compelled to begin at the beginning. He may enter the senior (the *fourth*) year, if he can pass the not very difficult examination of the class before. Take notice that these are not merely cases of migration from other colleges, as a man might go from Cambridge to Oxford, or *vice versâ*, and have his terms allowed. There is a good deal of such migration going on among the American colleges, and some of them, like certain halls at Oxford, have a *Botany Bay* reputation. But, independently of this, you may enter in the middle or towards the end of the academic course without having ever been connected with another college.

The consequence of all this was that a very appreciable fraction of each freshman class was extremely ignorant, and, as there were no divisions in the class, but all had to go on together, these kept the rest back. Still, the *highest* honours were difficult to obtain; but it was not the difficulty of a wranglership or a first-class—having to know a great deal well; nor the difficulty of the Poll-Captaincy (when that institution existed)—having to know a little remarkably well. It was a matter of regularity and attention, little originality or research, but a moderate amount of work fairly prepared every day; for the honours were given according to the sum of the “recitations—” in other words, the lessons, collectively throughout a period of nearly three years in the first instance, and nearly four in the second. All *visâ voce*; and the yearly examinations little

more than a formula. (This is now changed for the better; I am happy to say, there are some pen and ink examinations, which take a wider range, and have their share in determining the honours.) The result may be stated thus—that, while it was certainly difficult to be among the first three of a class, it was easy enough for any one coming up decently prepared to be among the first fifteen or twenty. And this was all Bedlow wanted, as it gave him a right to a badge, and also an opportunity of delivering a speech of his own composition in public. He was not obliged to study much for it, but it was further desirable for his reputation and popularity that he should appear to have got his place without studying at all, or with scarcely studying at all. And this he did, exactly reversing the operation of the schoolboy, who pretends to study when he is idle. He had a knack of economizing odd ends of time—fifteen minutes here and fifteen there—when nobody suspected him. He smuggled books into chapel under the all-useful cloak, and learned his lessons during service. He was luckily gifted with a power of attraction and concentration, and could cram a page of mathematical formulæ while waiting to “cut in” at a rubber, with half-a-dozen men laughing and talking around him.

After Bill had gained his presidency and editorship, and been elected into every possible secret society, and had carried off all the first prizes for English composition, and even one for Latin—for he was fond of making shots at every thing (there were just *five* of us who wrote that year, and the three prizes were divided among us all)—his crowning glory was attained as a “senior” when he was chosen *bully* of the class, the original occupant of that honourable station, a fine young southern gentleman, being compelled, by the state of health or other reasons, to finish his college course prematurely. The formidable name of this post had no reference to our friend’s freshman exploits, nor did his holding it require him to perform any similar feats at the

¹ Three years is the orthodox term of classical preparation for college. As the special professional course is also three years, a complete American professional education may be said to occupy ten years from the time of beginning Latin, and the professional career to commence at the age of twenty-two.

expense of his fellow-collegians or the townspeople. In the early ages of the office, when rows with the "town-loafers" were not unusual, the term *bully* certainly did have its ordinary popular signification, of the best and readiest fighting-man in the class; but at this more civilized epoch it signified simply the regular official president or chairman of the class meetings, nor was the post by any means a sinecure. The Yalensians had a vast aptitude and predilection for class-meetings. There were magazine editors to be chosen, or ball managers, or exhibition committees; or a member of the class had died; or a "recitation" had lasted three minutes beyond the hour; or they wanted to make a present to a tutor who was retiring; or they did *not* want to make a present to a tutor who was retiring. Somehow or other there was provocation for a class-meeting about once a fortnight. It has been remarked that preparation for public life was the theory at the foundation of our system, and in accordance with this we took every opportunity of playing at public business. This early practice is one of the ways in which Americans attain their remarkable patent for organization and despatch of work. Remarkable it certainly is, though the evil demons of loquacity and party spirit conspire at times to spoil it. When Bedlow took the chair, he quietly observed, that "he took it as a dictator of the class;" and nobody could be quite sure whether he said it in jest or earnest.

For Bill thought well of himself, as one rather born to command than otherwise, and was a very aristocratic sort of republican. American aristocracy is not a very easy thing to define anywhere; yet some approach at least to an aristocracy probably exists everywhere, and certainly exists in the colleges, although the authorities, as we have already remarked, most positively do nothing to encourage it. In one sense, Bedlow represented the "swells" of the class, and in another sense the irreligious, or anti-religious party, and in another, the smaller and more exclusive secret societies, and he imposed on the collegiate

world generally by his good looks and confident, yet not undignified, manners; and he had a little knot of us, his more intimate friends, who used to sound his trumpet for him, and electioneer in his behalf, and altogether his influence was sufficient to secure a working majority (though with not much to spare), and make him always safe for manager or committeeman, or whatever was to be chosen. Next to the admirers above mentioned, his principal associates were from among the Southerners, almost the only students of avowed and notorious aristocratic pretensions.

I must add, however, that not Bedlow only, but our Middle-State men generally, were disposed to fraternize with the Southerners more than with the New Englanders; and it was probably owing to this, as well as to their pulling all together, that these Southerners, though not above one-eighth of the whole number of students, had got the control of some of the societies above mentioned, and had an influence generally out of proportion to their mere number. As this inclination of the other free-state students away from the New Englanders, who formed the bulk of the college, and towards the youth from the slave states, struck me from the first as a singular phenomenon, I was led to reflect upon it, and study it out. It has a wider application than one college at a particular time, or all the colleges at any time; and, therefore, I give you my conclusions upon it, which may possibly tend to upset some of your established ideas about the American character.

You have, doubtless, been accustomed to hear the "Yankees" spoken of as "sharp" in business; and, because dexterity in bargains and speculations is often supposed (though not always with reason) to connote closeness and meanness, these terms also, by an easy transition, become affixed to the American character. Now, there cannot be a greater mistake than this. That the national mind has a business turn—that Americans, when they are men of business, are clever and hard-working ones—

is true enough; but it is not true that they make a niggardly use of their wealth when they have acquired it. They spend it as freely as they make it rapidly. If *alieni appetens*, the American is *sui profusus*. It may help you to correct the popular notion, if you consider that Americans are notorious speculators, and that, so far from a speculator being necessarily a *mean* man, the chances are that he turns out just the opposite. Also it is worth observing, that the most striking examples on record in America of men approaching to the conventional type of the miser, have been foreigners, or sons of foreigners. Throughout the list of *avaricious* millionaires, you will find with difficulty an American name; if you do find any, they are New England ones. In public charity and private hospitality, the Americans are far ahead of any European nation; indeed, all European nations seem mean to them in these respects, particularly in the latter. The early New Englanders, however, formed a marked exception to this national trait; they certainly were close-fisted—which was owing, in a great measure, to sheer necessity, and the poverty of their country. City New Englanders have got pretty well over this; but the thing still exists in some of the country towns, and the name of the thing has stuck to all New Englanders, and diminished the popularity to which their enterprise and other virtues would else have entitled them. This I believe to be the true reason why so many middle-state men prefer the Southerners as associates, though it may not be the one usually assigned.

Bedlow, being a swell, was better lodged than most of us. When a student "roomed" out of college, his apartments generally consisted of one large room, which served both for bedroom and study. The arrangement for those who occupied the college buildings was that each two had three rooms between them—a bedroom a-piece, and one sitting-room in common. The freshmen were "chummed" together at random; in the subsequent years every

man selected his mate; but Bedlow appropriated all three rooms to himself, by the simple process of buying-out his room mate, who had previously agreed with him to have his lodgings paid elsewhere—no very immense outlay, something like £6 for the whole year. These Yale College apartments were not quite up to Trinity or Christ Church standard, as you may suppose. They rather resembled continental barracks. Carpets, though not so rare as at a German hotel, were by no means *de rigueur*. Bill, however, had furnished his sitting-room comfortably, and even elegantly; in the one article of looking-glass, I fancy it was stronger than most English rooms. Likewise, our bully did not clean his own boots—a rare and aristocratic luxury, which shows you how primitive our habits were, notwithstanding our propensity to flash toilettes.

There were no female servants employed about the college, unless there may have been two or three in the kitchen. The beneficiaries waited in hall as I have already told you; the rooms were supposed to be taken care of by three or four men called "sweepers," whose duty extended only to making the beds daily, and sweeping the rooms occasionally. But there were some half-dozen servants, who, though unattached to, and unrecognised by, the college, were virtually the scouts or gyps thereof; each of them served eight or ten masters, brushing their clothes and boots, lighting their fires, &c. These servants were mostly "persons of colour," and found their patrons chiefly among the Southerners and the law-students.

Many of us "boarded," i.e. took our meals out of college. The price was little more at a boarding-house, the provender decidedly better; we could form our own set, and there was a sprinkling of ladies' society. Bill was in his glory at our boarding-house.

Thus far I have said nothing about Bedlow's sports and exercises. The chapter of them would be as short as the traveller's account of the snakes in

Iceland. According to your idea of exercise and recreation, he, we, all of us, could scarcely be said to take any at all. Most of us could ride tolerably; yet we scarcely ever mounted a horse; indeed, there were very few in New Haven to mount. As to walking, I doubt if you would consider Bill's swaggering saunter, with his hands in his pockets and his cap on his left ear, from the college to the boarding-house, and from the boarding-house to the post-office, worthy of that name. It was more to show off himself and his clothes than for any other purpose. Boating was unknown; such games of ball as once existed had fallen into disuse. The national ten-pin alley was doubly illegal, municipally as well as academically; billiards, of which Americans are nearly as fond as Frenchmen, lay under the same law. Even those great institutions of the country, the "fast crab" and the trotting waggon, had not penetrated into our academic seclusion.

One cause of this state of things was undoubtedly the sour, anti-jovial, puritanic spirit, which regards all liveliness, and noise, and romping, as positively wicked. If I were to tell you that, the evening after Bedlow's elevation to what he had chosen to term the office of dictator, some of his friends assembled under his window, and gave "three cheers for our new bully!" in good old Anglo-Saxon style, and that, at a prayer-meeting then going on in a neighbouring recitation-room, a special prayer was immediately put up for the cheerers, the proof of their lost and desperate condition being that they *had* cheered as aforesaid, you might be inclined to suspect me of exaggeration; yet such is the simple and unvarnished fact. To be sure, a large number of the students, perhaps a majority, would certainly not refrain from any practice, but rather the reverse, because it was forbidden by the "blues," as the religious portion were sometimes called. But then came in that absurd idea of sham dignity. These youths of eighteen were *men*, and men must now *play* like boys! Catch Mr. William Bedlow pulling off his coat for

a game of ball, or endangering his fine new *pantaloon*s by jumping a fence! Still, if he did not take exercise, he required some amusement. A good deal of that he took at the secret societies, where eating and drinking occasionally relieved the fast of reason. A little of it he took in ladies' society at his boarding-house, or in families that he knew; it was a great provocation to dress, and Bill had an easy flowing style of conversation, nor was he averse to an occasional dance after the mild manner permitted in New Haven—for the polka was not yet invented, and even the old triple-time waltz would have been too much for New England propriety. The American students are *almost* as fond of singing as the German students; on moonlight nights, small parties of us would ramble out to serenade with our most sweet voices the young ladies' schools, of which there were several in different parts of the town. If we could catch the outline of some white draperies flitting about in the unlit bedrooms, our innocent vanity was highly gratified. When we felt hungry after these excursions (which might very well happen with our one o'clock dinners and six o'clock teas), we supped at one of the half-grocer, half-confectioner establishments with which the place abounded, on oyster stews, poached eggs, and similar unexpensive viands. We could not have had supper in our rooms, unless we had cooked it ourselves—a feat for which our stoves were not precisely adapted. We did have certain convivialities in our rooms however; the greatest possible "spree" was to brew punch (hot or cold, according to the season), and play long whist *without stakes*. Perhaps the knowledge that we were doing something utterly forbidden supplied the requisite zest. There was not much ready money among us, to be sure—very little in proportion to our swell attire: but I suppose there never was a collegiate town in the world where the great institution of Tick did not exist to some extent. And here, while I am touching on the question of expense, it may be remarked,

that, as the actual necessities of life, board, lodging, and fuel, were cheap at New Haven, the tuition far from dear, and the temptations few, it was hardly possible to spend a great deal of money if one tried. Bill managed to see the end of 700 dollars (£140) every year; his father grumbled at the allowance, and I have no doubt many of his fellow-students thought it monstrous. To return to the cards; though not over-burdened with change, we certainly might have played sixpenny and shilling points without serious damage to our finances, but we never felt any inclination to play for money.

Since that day, young America has grown wiser in some things, and wilder in others. I am afraid young America gambles occasionally, possibly to a very mischievous extent. On the other hand, he has learned that it is not unmanly, but the reverse, to play ball and patronise the gymnasium.

If Bedlow had any other amusements in the vacations of a more exceptionable character than the above-mentioned, I never knew anything about it; and he took care never to tell me. Young Americans, perhaps all Americans, have a reputation for bragging, and they do brag about many things; but, unless they have lived long in France, they do not habitually boast of their profligacy.

And this brings us to the most important matter of all. You may be curious by this time to know what were Bedlow's ideas and opinions on the subject of religion. Here I cannot give you a favourable report; indeed, to tell the truth, Bill was an avowed infidel. I do not mean that he professed himself such on the green in front of the college, or in any other place whence it might come to the ears of the "faculty." Had he done so, he would have been expelled as certainly as if it had been known that he kept playing-cards in his room. There was an express clause in the college code to that effect. But among his friends he made no secret of his unbelief, and he was far from being the only sceptic. The thrice-unfortunate system which arrayed the "professors of

religion," and the "unconverted" in two hostile camps, tended to drive every student into one of the extremes, fanaticism or infidelity. The non-professors charged the "blues" (very unjustly, I believe) with being spies for the faculty; the "professors" charged the "impenitent" (of whose actual mode of life they had an extremely vague and limited knowledge) with all things horrible and awful. Religious considerations embittered the college politics. When we elected Bedlow first president of our literary society (by a majority of only six votes out of a hundred and twenty) all the members of the college church belonging to the society voted against him in a body. There were some half dozen of us, episcopalians, who mixed with both parties, and, though we were the lowest kind of Church, our congregational fellow-Christians regarded us with much suspicion and many misgivings, because we were known to eat suppers occasionally and did not join the tee-totalers.

Of course Bedlow and I had numerous theological discussions. We were always discussing something, and I fancy religion, *after politics*, was what we argued most about. We used to go at it hammer and tongs for hours together—the old school of course; neither of us knew anything about the Germans; it was Paley and Watson on one side, Paine and Volney on the other. We left off generally about where we began, and began next time where we had left off. Bill looked upon me as a very good fellow, only a little weak in that particular point. If he had possessed all the learning and ability of Mr. Mill, Mr. Buckle, and two or three continental philosophers combined, he could not have talked in a more patronising, pitying way of Christianity and Christians.

And now that we have pretty well sketched Mr. Bedlow's antecedents, it may be time to inform you that he is no longer an undergraduate. He and his friend your humble servant are bachelors of some nine months' standing, and members of the law school. An American A.B. is not still considered

an undergraduate, like an English B.A., although so much younger. As the Master's degree confers no vote or privilege, and is of no possible use that I am aware of, except to the college treasury, many, probably the majority, never take it, though the fees are not very terrifying, somewhere about £2. I positively do not recollect whether I ever took my A.M. at Yale or not; if I did, it certainly was not at the regular time. After the student's first degree, his connexion with *alma mater* may generally be considered as terminated, unless he remains one, two, or three years in one of the professional departments. We may here remark that, though Yale has always been called a *college*, it is a complete *university* according to the American acceptance of the term.¹ The American idea of a university is a preparatory college, connected with, and completed by its three professional "schools"—that is, departments or faculties. The general department is one and undivided; for, though you hear different colleges spoken of at Yale—North College, South, Middle, &c.—these merely correspond to the different *courts* of an English college.

The professional students, in virtue of their graduateship, are released from all undergraduate discipline. They have only a couple of lectures to attend daily, and even at these their presence is not very rigorously exacted. Chapel has no more terrors for them; if they lodge near enough to be awakened by the once formidable bell, they turn over and go to sleep again with a very *suave mari magno* feeling. It is hardly necessary to say that their tendencies are more oratorical and argumentative than ever; they begin to write in the local papers, and to take part in political meetings. The life of the law students, in particular, may be defined as a perpetual discussion.

We will now, if you please, shift the scene from the public street to the public parlours (which also serve as

reading-rooms) of the Tontine Hotel. Time, ten in the evening, or thereabouts. Besides some outsiders from the town, a knot of students are assembled there. They are all members of the law-school. You will rarely see an undergraduate in the hotel. Dining there is expressly prohibited to them by the college laws, but there is another and a more potent reason. *Class* distinctions, that is to say, distinctions of seniority, are strangely and strongly marked. Seniors consort with seniors, juniors with juniors, sophomores with sophomores, graduates with graduates. It is decidedly *infra dig.* to mix with the years below you.

Some of the party have been drinking at the bar, several of them are smoking, most of them talking. The staple of their conversation is politics, with an occasional interlude of tailory.

"You say you have all the intelligence and education of the county. Why, we have more of the literary men on our side. There's Cooper and Bancroft, and Willis and Irving—"

"Washington Irving isn't a Locofoco."

"What did he write that article in the Knickerbocker for then?"

"I don't care. I know him, and I know he isn't a Locofoco."

"Oh! you know him. What does he say about the slavery question?"

"He says it's a black business, and he washes his hands of it!"

"Hollo! here's Clark! Why, where have you been this last age? Anticipating the vacation?"

"Yes, I went to New York for two weeks." (An American never says a *fortnight*.)

¹ *Verbatim* from a letter to the writer of this article. Irving was fond of old jokes, but he introduced them with such a grace that they appeared almost original. He was claimed by all political parties and acknowledged none. Both sides were always ready to give him diplomatic appointments, when he would accept them. Among the strange perversions of fact recently circulated about America, none is more striking than the assertion that literary men are shut out from all political advancement—the truth being directly the reverse, that continual efforts are made to drag them into politics in spite of themselves.

¹ This merits notice also as about the only American instance of *anything* being called by a less ambitious name than the reality.

"And what spree were you after there?"

"Nothing particular. Played billiards mostly. Used to go to the Washington Hotel."

"And did you lay them all out?"

"No, some of them were a little too many for me, especially one very cool fellow—an illustrious foreigner he was. I saw he was a foreigner by his moustache" (we have already observed that those articles of luxury were then a rarity in America); "and, as he never said anything, I thought perhaps he didn't speak English; but, bless you, he speaks it as well as you or I when he chooses. I felt rather curious about him and asked, and who do you think it was? A Buonaparte, a nephew of the Napoleon! He had been kicking up a mess in Switzerland or somewhere; so they sent him over here to keep him out of mischief."

"Poor devil! To think he might have been a great man somewhere now, if Waterloo had only turned out the other way!"

"I say, Clark, did you get those pantalons made in New York?"

"Of course, at Francis, the French tailor's; and, do you know, Stone, the new tailor here had a pair making at the same time. He means to put them on and stand at his door to draw customers: people will think he made 'em himself."

"Look here, boys! John Bell's nominated for governor of Tennessee. Who'll bet a supper that he doesn't get five thousand majority?"

"I say any man that utters such a sentiment as that is a scoundrelly demagogue."

"And I say any man that applies such an epithet to the President of the United States, who is a personal friend of mine, is a d——d liar."

The last assertion, of a character decidedly tending to "disturb the harmony of the meeting," must be set down to the credit or discredit of Mr. Bedlow. It was brought about in this wise.

A very large majority of the Yalensians belonged to the *Whig* (that is the Conservative) party. Students usually

are in opposition to the Government; under despotisms revolutionary, under democracies reactionary. But Bill was a stout democrat, either because it was rather *distingué* to be so where almost every one was on the other side, or for the good old reason that his father was so before him.

There was then residing in New Haven a young English doctor named White. He was *not* known as the "Britisher,"—that being one of the *Americanisms* never heard except out of America. He was at all respectable-looking man—nothing particularly remarkable about him, unless his taking some interest in the political discussions then going on might be called remarkable, considering his country; for, generally speaking, the English and French emigrants abstain from politics as notoriously as the Irish and German emigrants plunge headlong into them. On the present occasion he had been severely criticising some economical dicta of the president. The great political disputes of that day were on questions of finance and economy; the slavery question, now so formidable, was only just beginning to develop itself. Bedlow, when a schoolboy, had once been patted on the head by the president (then vice-president, and on a visit to Bill's father); hence his claim of personal friendship and his eagerness to take up the matter as a private quarrel.

Political discussion was so much our daily exercise and amusement that no one ever so far forgot himself as to use coarse language. Bill's unusual out-break caused a dead silence. Satisfied, however, with having put down for the moment his antagonist, he relapsed into the study of a newspaper. The doctor, taken all aback at first, speedily rallied, and, advancing to Bedlow, touched him on the shoulder. The New-Yorker was on his feet in an instant.

"That was a very impertinent remark of yours," said White.

Either Bedlow in his turn was at a loss for words, and, like many greater men, saw no clearer way of getting through the scrape than fighting it out;

or he suspected that the other's speech was intended as a prelude to something more demonstrative, and resolved to anticipate him. At any rate, his only answer was a practical one. Stepping back half a pace, he let fly a tremendous left-hander at the doctor. Whether he "slung his hand up from the hip," as seems to be the fashion nowadays, or struck straight out from the shoulder, as they used to say in my time, I will not pretend to say; but it was certainly a "sockdologer," and rendered all the more effective by the big society ring which adorned Bill's little finger, and now left its impress very legible under the doctor's eye.

White was too angry, and perhaps also too much out of practice (that kind of practice) to make a regular boxing match of it. He threw himself, "quite promiscuously," upon Bedlow; the men clinched, and would have gone off into a rough and tumble, had not the five or six of the company nearest promptly interfered. The feeling among all respectable classes at the North leads them to stop combatants rather than form a ring for them. The belligerents were speedily pulled apart and pacified by their respective friends.

The disturbance was over almost as soon as it began; indeed, a stranger who had arrived five minutes after the blow was struck would not have suspected that anything unusual had taken place, unless he had noticed the doctor's black eye, or his antagonist's ruffled plumage. In no part of Anglo-Saxondom is the Anglo-Saxon calm on occasions of difficulty or danger more conspicuous than in the northern states of the Union; and it often serves them in good stead.

Our Tontine party, therefore, broke up very quietly. Everybody was supposed to have held his tongue, and, as duelling is not a custom of the northern states (never having been since Burr shot Hamilton), nobody supposed that the affray would have any further consequences. But, two or three days after, the rumour spread rapidly that Dr. White, probably over-advised by some of his friends, had laid an information

against Bedlow, and that the pugnacious student was summoned to appear next morning at eleven before old Justice Atwater, there to answer to the charge of assault and battery, breach of the peace, &c. &c.

Old Atwater was one of the few remaining relics of a type and generation then nearly, and possibly by this time quite, extinct. He wore long worsted stockings and knee-breeches—the latter a most uncommon sight in America, where, for lack of "cross-country" habits and habiliments, a man may very well live all his life without seeing any other species of "continuations" except the ordinary *pantaloon*s. He was obviously of "the old school," yet by no means the clean, well-brushed, neatly got-up figure that early reading and tradition leads one to associate with the idea of the old school. Indeed, he might rather have been described by the epithets which tourists are wont to apply to Italian monks and other picturesque mendicants—"venerable but dirty,"—only he did not carry either adjective to the extent that they do.

I had seen a good deal of the justice during my Freshman year at a boarding-house which he used to frequent. As I was then a youth fresh from the city, with no experience out of it, he seemed to me a most extraordinary animal. His language was as odd as his dress. When he asked if such a one was a *fore-handed farmer*, I, in my greenness, wondered if any of the Connecticut cultivators were really *quadrumanous*. All manner of vegetables he indifferently denominated *sarce* (sauce); and his pronunciation deviated even more from the Johnsonian standard than the specimen of modern New-English in the "Biglow Papers."

The locality of Justice Atwater's court was as primitive and unpretending as his own personal appearance. It was a small office very partially and roughly portioned off from, and opening into, the grocery store of his relative, Mr. Horace Atwater.

A Yankee grocery, or a Yankee "notion store," is an epitome of almost

everything. There is a story current respecting an "old curiosity shop" of Boston, that no article small enough to enter its door, and not exceeding a certain price, could be mentioned which it did not contain. An old joker, intending to quiz the proprietor, asked for a *second-hand pulpit*, and was immediately shown the article. Mr. Horace Atwater's grocery was not *quite* so extensive in its range; his stock in trade comprised only the following commodities:—first, every variety of eatable except butcher's meat, that is to say, all kinds of groceries, green-groceries, and spiceries, salt provisions, bread, and rustic confectionary; secondly, divers wines and spirits; thirdly, tobacco in its various forms; fourthly, all manner of clothing, with the thread, needles, and buttons requisite for repairing the same, also boots and shoes, hats and caps; fifthly, books of different sorts, especially Bibles, hymn books, and spelling books; sixthly, all kinds of cutlery; seventhly, cheap imitation jewellery; eighthly, wooden clocks; ninthly, patent medicines; and possibly some other articles which do not now occur to me.

Not a very dignified place to hold a court in, however petty; but legal and judicial matters have always been conducted in America with little respect for official trappings. The forensic wig is everywhere unknown; gowns are only worn in the Supreme Court of the United States. Even in the oldest states there is what must seem to a European a very free-and-easy way of administering justice. You would do wrong, however, to suppose that this unconventional style prevents the officers of law from being respectable or respected. An American judge (I speak of course of the older states), albeit without a wig, is very like an English one. Like him, he represents the strong common sense of the law. When the American lawyer is promoted to the bench, he,

"Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,"

throws away his long-winded flourishes and over-luxuriant flowers of Hibernian-

like eloquence, and gives straight-forward, sensible decisions.

Like some other statements in this paper, the above remarks must, I fear, be taken partially in the past tense. The American judiciary is already beginning to descend from its pride of place. The unfortunate system of election recently adopted in some of the most important free states, the reign of terror as regards all subjects connected with slavery in the south, have done much to debase and paralyse it. But we are getting too far away from our subject. Let us return from this too ambitious digression to *the people of Connecticut, vs. William Bedlow, student, &c.*

There was some excitement on the eventful morning, and the law-school determined to attend court in full force, that is to say, about thirty strong. Nothing *very* awful could happen to our comrade, for the highest penalty which the justice had power to inflict was a fine of 7 dollars—say 11. 8s. But Bedlow, wishing to play hero or martyr, had hinted his desire that we should "stand by him," though what we were to do by so standing did not precisely appear; however, our *esprit de corps* was sufficient to bring us there, putting curiosity out of the question. It was rather an occurrence, too, for the natives, and by half-past ten the office was considerably more than full, the students taking the best places, and the "town-loafers," including a sprinkling of small boys to fill up the chinks, occupying the background. Justice Atwater was throned in state behind the light railing which constituted the bar, and just within which sat the doctor and the "counsel for the commonwealth," a lawyer of note in the town. Just without sat a closely packed line of students on such chairs and benches as the premises afforded; behind these a similar line; and the "balance" of the audience flowed all over the grocery, the partition between which and the office was more conventional than real, for such part of it as was not occupied by the door consisted chiefly of a framed open space, originally

intended perhaps for a window, but quite unfurnished with sashes. The wooden clock in the office and several of the wooden clocks in the grocery, struck the hour of eleven at various intervals during a period of five minutes, but the hero of the day was not forthcoming. At length there was a stir; the outside wave of loafers parted, and in strutted—not Bedlow, but Tom Johnson, another of our New York swells. Perceiving that all the front places were taken, the new-comer vaulted over the head of one of his acquaintances, clambered upon an old stove which stood sentry in one corner, perched himself on the top of it and sat there with his legs crossed, looking down lovingly at his small feet which were encased in drab *bottines*, almost too delicate for a lady's wear.

Ten minutes more and no defendant. It was a clear case of contempt of court, and the constabulary force was despatched to arrest the offender. The constabulary force of New Haven consisted of one man; he was a middle-aged tailor with a large family; we all looked at one another with a smile and a common appreciation of the chance of his fetching Bedlow in case Bill should not be willing to come. Our anticipations were perfectly realized, for in less than a quarter of an hour, Mr. Tryon reappeared—alone. Bill then boarded at the Tontine and was accustomed to order breakfast in his room, another very aristocratic habit of his. The constable had found the door locked, and, on his intimating his errand through the keyhole, Bill had given him some very bad advice through the same channel. Mr. Tryon, whose position as a member of the Church prohibited him from visiting the locality recommended by Bedlow, came incontinently back to court—an indirect reflection on the justice which that functionary did not detect—and reported his non-progress. It was a case not of *non inventus* exactly, but, to use a phrase of Texan law, *non comestibus*. For some minutes more things remained at a dead-lock. Old Atwater beckoned to the counsel for the state,

Mr. Higgins, and whispered something to him. "He's going to call out the *posse comitatus*," said one of us; but Higgins, who had recognised me as a friend of the delinquent, applied to me to act as ambassador.

"Mr. Benson," said he, "will you have the goodness to step round to Mr. Bedlow and ask him if he can't contrive for once to finish his breakfast by half-past eleven, and not keep us waiting till dinner-time?"

Of course I assented, and, after duly charging a neighbour to "keep my place," made the best of my way through the crowd; but I had hardly gone ten steps in the street when my journey was cut short by meeting the object of it. Bedlow took the last whiff of his cigar at the door, spit out the stump into the mouth of a stray cur, swaggered into the grocery, uncovered himself by a nod that made his cap fall off, took one hand out of his pockets just in time to catch it, elbowed the throng right and left, and dropped into a chair near the bar which a friend had instantly vacated for him. He was more dressed and looked more impudent than ever. The rear rank of students stood up on their benches; the town-loafers nearly got upon one another's shoulders. The whole audience raised itself on the stilts of expectation and stretched out the neck of anxiety.

Higgins opened the case in a "neat and appropriate" speech, setting forth the enormity of the assault. Under ordinary circumstances he might have indulged in a bit of demagoguism against the students, but our comrade's known democracy (in politics) cut off that resource. The doctor was then examined, and stated the circumstances of the scuffle. Bill, in defiance of the proverb about the man who is his own lawyer, had undertaken to manage his case himself. He cross-examined White pretty sharply, with the view of making it appear that the doctor had used expressions calculated to provoke a breach of the peace; but the attempt was not very successful. Bedlow then rose to address the court in his own defence. This was the great feature of the pro-

gramme. Bill's early reputation as a wit had not been forgotten, and most of us expected that he would turn the whole thing into a farce. Quiet ridicule of the doctor's pretensions to cure the body politic, jokes slyly insinuated at the majesty of the court, a mock-heroic introduction of the eagle and the lion, and possibly some other beasts of the world's menagerie—such were our anticipations.

They were doomed to disappointment. Bedlow, to use one of our own slang phrases, got upon the high notes. He altogether mistook his line. He began by quoting Horace to the great edification of the "town-loafers;" he went on to assume a difference of position between himself and the doctor which would have been untenable in the eyes of the law had he been a member of the privileged class in a country of privileged classes, and under actual circumstances was simply insufferable. Our party looked blank; Higgins sneered; Bill saw that he was "putting his foot into it," and his habitual self-possession seemed on the point of failing him. At that moment his good genius came to his relief and created a diversion.

Four students were standing together on a small bench in the front row. The court furniture was not of the newest description, and probably never intended to be put to such a use. Quite unequal to the occasion, the ancient movable relaxed its joints. The supports spread slowly out on each side, and the four men were gradually let down upon the uncarpeted and unswept floor amid a cloud of dust and sundry strong interjections.

The audience were slightly hilarious. Bedlow joined in the laugh, observing that he "really didn't suspect his oratory was so efficacious." The justice, aroused by the damage done to his furniture, raised a lusty cry of "Order!" which was feebly echoed by the constabulary force. Johnson, from his perch on the stove made a dumb show of applauding with his kid-gloved hands. Rash youth! In a moment of forgetfulness he lost his balance, tried to

recover it with a desperate wriggle, slid further down, finally clutched at the stove-pipe to save himself; and just succeeded in pulling the crazy machine after him upon the crowd below.

Tom, brought up on the toes of the man immediately under him, commenced an apology, supposing the pedal extremities upon which he had lighted to be those of a fellow student; then, finding his mistake, for the injured party was a "town-loafer" who had managed to squeeze into the front, he changed his tone, and began to curse him stoutly for being in the way. The stove-pipe was not so speedily arrested on its travels. Johnson's struggles had cast it quite loose on society, and it continued to circulate erratically, bruising shins, upsetting chairs, and causing men to back over one another, till it made its final rotation in front of Bedlow, and came to rest at his feet, as if to do him honour. "Damnation!" ejaculated old Atwater, starting off his seat, and losing head and temper together, at this fresh devastation committed on his property.

Bill's voice was heard amid the confusion suggesting that there was a fine "made and provided" against profane swearing in public.

The justice threatened to clear the court. *How* to do it might have puzzled him, even supposing the attorney for the prosecution had united his forces with those of the tailor-constable. However, something like order was speedily restored, and the old fellow then cut short any further attempts at harangue on Bedlow's part, pronouncing the assault fully proved, and inflicting "the highest penalty of the law," namely, a fine of seven dollars.

"I say, boys," quoth the incorrigible Bill, "which of you has seven dollars to lend me?" He had come, doubtless out of pure bravado, without a cent in his pocket.

And now it looked as if the problem how the court could be cleared was to receive its solution, so general was the retrograde movement. I have said that we were not famous for haying much ready money about us, and our state of

impecuniosity was pretty legible on most of our faces. To have been committed in default of payment would rather have turned the tables on our friend and the joke against him. At length, after due consultation, myself and Johnson mustered two five-dollar gold pieces between us, out of which sum we discharged the fine, *plus* fifty cents costs.

It was whispered that this would be only the preliminary step to a more serious civil suit for damages on the doctor's part. That, however, never came off. A few months after circumstances compelled me to leave the law school, and I lost sight of Bedlow, as indeed of most of my associates. Once I heard dimly that he had been aide-de-camp to the Governor of New York, and

had sported the handsomest uniform and best horse of the procession on that occasion; afterwards that, during a political tour, he had fallen in love, married a country girl, forsaken his profession and the chances of a public career, and settled down as a gentleman-farmer somewhere "up the river." Six years later, happening to be up the river myself, I accidentally encountered Bill at a dinner-party. He wore an old cutaway, and his boots might be described as a compromise between clean and dirty. He had a houseful of children, was a great authority on the price of apples, and talked seriously of "taking the law of" a neighbour who had trespassed on his grounds.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER MACKWORTH.

I HAVE noticed that the sayings and doings of young gentlemen, before they come to the age of, say seven or eight, are hardly interesting to any but their immediate relations and friends. I have my eye, at this moment, on a young gentleman of the mature age of two, the instances of whose sagacity and eloquence are of greater importance, and certainly more pleasant to me, than the projects of Napoleon, or the orations of Bright. And yet I fear that even his most brilliant joke, if committed to paper, would fall dead upon the public ear; and so for the present I shall leave Charles Ravenshoe to the care of Nora, and pass on to some others who demand our attention more.

The first thing which John Mackworth remembered was his being left in the *loge* of a French school at Rouen by an English footman. Trying to push back his memory farther, he always

failed to conjure up any previous recollection to that. He had certainly a very indistinct one of having been happier, and having lived quietly in pleasant country places with a kind woman who talked English; but his first decided impression always remained the same—that of being, at six years old, left friendless, alone, among twenty or thirty French boys older than himself.

His was a cruel fate. He would have been happier apprenticed to a collier. If the man who sent him there had wished to inflict the heaviest conceivable punishment on the poor, unconscious, little innocent, he could have done no more than simply left him at that school. (Mackworth was long before he found out who was his benefactor—with all his cleverness he was long in finding out that. When he got into the world again he soon knew whose livery the footman who brought him wore, but he was quickly abroad again, completely baffled.) English boys are sometimes brutal to one another, (though not so often as some wish to make out,) and are always rough. Yet

I must say, as far as my personal experience goes, the French boy is entirely master in the art of tormenting. He never strikes; he does not know how to clench his fist. He is an arrant coward according to an English schoolboy's definition of the word; but at pinching, pulling hair, ear pulling, and that class of annoyance, all the natural ingenuity of his nation comes out, and he is superb; add to this a combined insolent studied sarcasm, and you have an idea of what a disagreeable French schoolboy can be.

To say that the boys at poor John Mackworth's school put all these methods of torture in force against him, and ten times more, is to give one but a faint idea of his sufferings. The English at that time were hated with a hatred which we in these sober times have but little idea of; and, with the cannon of Trafalgar ringing as it were in their ears, these young French gentlemen seized on Mackworth as a lawful prize providentially delivered into their hands. We do not know what he may have been under happier auspices, or what he may be yet with a more favourable start in another life; we have only to do with what he was. Six years of friendless persecution, of life ungraced and uncheered by domestic love, of such bitter misery as childhood alone is capable of feeling or enduring, transformed him from a child into a heartless, vindictive man.

And then, the French schoolmaster having roughly finished the piece of goods, it was sent to Rome to be polished and turned out ready for the market. Here I must leave him; I don't know the process. I have seen the article when finished and am familiar with it. I know the trade mark on it as well as I know the tower mark on my rifle. I may predicate of a glass that it is Bohemian ruby, and yet not know how they gave it the colour. I must leave descriptions of that system to Mr. Steinmetz, and men who have been behind the scenes.

The red-hot ultramontane thorough-going Catholicism of that pretty pervert, lady Alicia, was, but ill satisfied with the

sensible, old English, cut and dried notions of the good Father Clifford. A comparison of notes with two or three other great ladies, brought about a consultation, and a letter to Rome, the result of which was that a young Englishman of presentable exterior, polite manners, talking English with a slightly foreign accent, made his appearance at Ravenshoe, and was installed as her ladyship's confessor, about eighteen months before her death.

His talents were by no means ordinary. In very few days he had gauged every intellect in the house, and found that he was by far the superior of all in wit and education; and he determined that as long as he stayed in the house he would be master there.

Densil's jealous temper sadly interfered with this excellent resolution; he was immensely angry and rebellious at the slightest apparent infringement of his prerogative, and after his parents' death treated Mackworth in such an exceedingly cavalier manner, that the latter feared he should have to move, till chance threw into his hand a whip wherewith he might drive Densil where he would. He discovered a scandalous liaison of poor Densil's, and in an indirect manner let him know that he knew all about it. This served to cement his influence until the appearance of Mrs. Ravenshoe the second, who, as we have seen, treated him with such ill-disguised contempt, that he was anything but comfortable, and was even meditating a retreat to Rome, when the conversation he overheard in the drawing-room caused him to delay, and the birth of the boy Cuthbert confirmed him in his resolution to stay.

For now, indeed, there was a prospect open to him. Here was this child delivered over to him like clay to a potter, that he might form it as he would. It should go hard but that the revenues and county influence of the Ravensshoes should tend to the glory of the church as heretofore. Only one person was in his way, and that was Mrs. Ravenshoe; after her death he was master of the situation with regard to the eldest of the

boys. He had partly guessed, ever since he overheard the conversation of Densil and his wife, that some sort of bargain existed between them about the second child; but he paid little heed to it. It was, therefore, with the bitterest anger that he saw his fears confirmed, and Densil angrily obstinate on the matter; for, supposing Cuthbert were to die, all his trouble and anxiety would avail nothing, and the old house and lands would fall to a Protestant heir, the first time in the history of the island.

Meanwhile, his behaviour towards Densil was gradually and insensibly altered. He became the free and easy man of the world, the amusing companion, the wise counsellor. He saw that Densil was of a nature to lean on some one, and he was determined it should be on him; so he made himself necessary. But he did more than this; he determined he would be beloved as well as respected, and with a happy audacity he set to work to win that poor wild foolish heart to himself, using such arts of pleasing as must have been furnished by his own mother wit, and could never have been learned in a hundred years from a Jesuit College. The poor heart was not a hard one to win; and, the day they buried poor Father Clifford in the mausoleum, it was with a mixture of pride at his own talents, and contemptuous pity for his dupe, that Mackworth listened to Densil as he told him that he was now his only friend, and besought him not to leave him—which thing Mackworth promised, with the deepest sincerity, he would not do.

CHAPTER V.

RANFORD.

MASTER CHARLES, blessed with a placid temper and a splendid appetite, thrived amazingly. Before you knew where you were, he was in tops and bottoms; before you had thoroughly realized that, he was learning his letters; then there was hardly time to turn round, before he was a rosy-cheeked boy of ten.

From the very first gleam of reason,

he had been put solely and entirely under the care of Mr. Snell, the old vicar, who had been with his mother when she died, and a Protestant nurse, Mrs. Varley. Faithfully had these two discharged their sacred trust; and, if love can repay such services, right well were they repaid.

A pleasant task they had though, for a more loveable little lad than Charles there never was. His little heart seemed to have an infinite capacity of affection for all who approached him. Everything animate came before him in the light of a friend, to whom he wished to make himself agreeable, from his kind old tutor and nurse down to his pony and terrier. Charles had not arrived at the time of life when it was possible for him to quarrel about women, and so he actually had no enemies as yet, but was welcomed by pleasant and kind faces wherever he went. At one time he would be at his father's knee, while the good-natured Densil made him up some fishing tackle; next you would find him in the kennel, with the whipper-in, feeding the hounds, half-smothered by their boisterous welcome; then the stables would own him for a time, while the lads were cleaning up and feeding; then came a sudden flitting to one of the keeper's lodges; and anon he would be down on the sands wading with half a dozen fisher-boys as happy as himself—but welcome and beloved everywhere.

Sunday was right pleasant day for him. After the sublime felicity of seeing his father shave, and examining his gold-topped dressing-case from top to bottom—amusements which were not participated in by Cuthbert, who had grown too manly—he would haste through his breakfast, and with his clean clothes hurry down the village towards the vicarage, which stood across the stream near the church. Not to go in yet, you will observe, because the sermon, he well knew, was getting its finishing touches, and the vicar must not be disturbed. No, the old stone bridge would bring him up, and there he would stay looking at the brown crystal clear water rushing and seething among the rocks, lying dark

under the oak roots, and flashing merrily over the weir, just above the bridge; till, "flick," a silver bar would shoot quivering into the air, and a salmon would light on the top of the fall, just where the water broke, and would struggle on into the still pool above, or be beaten back by the force, to resume his attempt when he had gained breath. The trout, too, under the bridge, bless the rogues, they knew it was Sunday well enough—how they would lie up there in the swiftest places, where glancing liquid glorified the poor pebbles below into living amber, and would hardly trouble themselves to snap at the great fat, silly stoneflies that came floating down. Oh! it was a terrible place for dawdling, was that stone bridge, on a summer sabbath morn.

But now would the country folks come trooping in from far and near, for Ravenshoe was the only church for miles, and however many of them there were, every one had a good hearty West-country greeting for him. And, as the crowd increased near the church door, there was so much to say and hear, that I am afraid the prayers suffered a little sometimes.

The villagers were pleased enough to see the lad in the old carved horsebox (not to be irreverent) of a pew, beneath the screen in the chancel, with the light from the old rose window shining on his curly brown hair. The older ones would think of the haughty beautiful lady who sat there so few years ago, and oftentimes one of the more sagacious would shake his head and mutter to himself,—"Ah! if he were heir."

Any boy who reads this story, and I hope many will read it, is hereby advertised that it is exceedingly wrong to be inattentive in church in sermon time. It is very naughty to look up through the windows at the white clouds flying across the blue sky, and think how merrily the shadows are sweeping over the upland lawn, where the pewits' nests are, and the blackcock is crowing on the grey stones among the heather. No boy has any right to notice another boy's absence, and spend sermon time in won-

dering whether he is catching crabs among the green and crimson sea-weed on the rocks, or bathing in the still pool under the cliff. A boy had better not go to church at all, if he spends his time in thinking about the big trout that lies up in one of the pools in the woodlands stream, and whether he will be able to catch a sight of him again by creeping gently through the hazel and king fern. Birds' nests, too, even though it be the ringoussel's, who is to lay her last egg this blessed day, and is marked for spoliation to-morrow, should be banished from a boy's mind entirely during church time. Now, I am sorry to say that Charley was very much given to wander in church, and, when asked about the sermon by the vicar next day, would look rather foolish. Let us hope that he will be a warning to all sinners in this respect.

Then, after church, there would be dinner, at his father's lunch time, in the dark old hall, and there would be more to tell his father and brother than could be conveniently got through at that meal; then there was church again, and a long stroll in the golden sunshine along the shore. Ah, happy summer sabbaths!

The only two people who were ever cold to Charley, were his brother and Mackworth. Not that they were openly unkind, but there was between both of them and himself an indefinable gulf, an entire want of sympathy, which grieved him sometimes, though he was as yet too young to be much troubled by it. He only exhausted all his little arts of pleasing towards them to try and win them; he was indefatigable in running messages for Cuthbert and the chaplain; and once, when kind grandaunt Ascot (she was a Miss Headstall, daughter of Sir Cingle Headstall, and married James, Lord Ascot, brother of Lady Alicia, Densil's mother) sent him a pineapple in a box, he took it to the priest and would have had him take it. Mackworth refused it, but looked on him not unkindly for a few minutes, and then turned away with a sigh. Perhaps he was trying to recall the time so long, long ago, when his own face was as open and as

innocent as that. God knows! Charley cried a little, because the priest wouldn't take it, and, having given his brother the best slice, ate the rest in the stable, with the assistance of his foster brother and two of the pad grooms. Thereby proving himself to be a lad of low and dissipated habits!

Cuthbert was at this time a somewhat good-looking young fellow of sixteen. Neither of the brothers was what would be called handsome, though, if Charley's face was the most pleasing, Cuthbert certainly had the most regular features. His forehead was lofty, although narrow, and flat at the sides; his cheek bones were high, and his nose was aquiline, not-ill-formed, though prominent, starting rather suddenly out below his eyes; the lips were thin, the mouth small and firmly closed, and the chin short and prominent. The *tout-ensemble* was hardly pleasing even at this youthful period; the face was too much formed and decided for so young a man.

Cuthbert was a reserved methodical lad, with whom no one could find fault, and yet whom few liked. He was studious and devout to an extent rare in one so young; and, although a capital horseman and a good shot, he but seldom indulged in those amusements, preferring rather a walk with the steward, and soon returning to the dark old library to his books and Father Mackworth. There they two would sit, like two owls, hour after hour, appearing only at meals, and talking French to one another, noticing Charley but little; who, however, was always full of news, and would tell it too, in spite of the inattention of this strange couple. Densil began to respect and be slightly afraid of his eldest son, as his superior in learning and in natural abilities; but I think Charley had the biggest share in his heart.

Aunt Ascot had a year before sent for Cuthbert to pay her a visit at Ranford, her son's, Lord Ascot's place, where she lived with him, he being a widower, and kept house for him. Ranford, we know, contains the largest private racing stud in England, and the Ascot family

for many generations have given themselves up entirely to sporting—so much so, that their marriages with other houses have been to a certain extent influenced by it; and so poor Cuthbert, as we may suppose, was quite like a fish out of water. He detested and despised the men he met there, and they, on their parts, such of them as chose to notice him, thought him a surly young book-worm; and, as for his grandaunt, he hated the very sound of that excellent lady's voice. Her abruptness, her homœopathic medicines, her Protestantism (which she was always airing), and her stable-talk, nearly drove him mad; while she, on the other hand, thought him one of the most disagreeable boys she had ever met in her life. So the visit was rather a failure than otherwise, and not very likely to be repeated. Nevertheless, her ladyship was very fond of young faces, and so, in a twelvemonth, she wrote to Densil as follows:—

"I am one mass of lumbago all round
"the small of my back, and I find
"nothing like opodeldoc after all. The
"pain is very severe, but I suppose you
"would comfort me, as a heretic, by
"saying it is nothing to what I shall
"endure in a few years' time. Bah! I
"have no patience with you Papists,
"packing better people than yourselves
"off somewhere in that free-and-easy
"way. By-the-bye, how is that father
"confessor of yours, Markworth, or some
"such name—mind me, Ravenshoe, that
"fellow is a rogue, and you being, like
"all Ravenshoes, a fool, there is a pair
"of you. Why, if one of Ascot's
"grooms was to smile as that man
"does, or to whine in his speech as that
"man does, when he is talking to a
"woman of rank, I'd have him dis-
"charged on the spot, without warning,
"for dishonesty.

"Don't put a penny on Ascot's horse
"at Chester; he will never stay over
"the Cup course. Curfew, in my
"opinion, looks by no means badly for
"the Derby; he is scratched for the
"Two Thousand—which was necessary,
"though I am sorry for it, &c. &c. &c.

"I wish you would send me your boy, will you? Not the eldest: the Protestant one. Perhaps he mayn't be such an insufferable coxcomb as his brother."

At which letter Denzil shook his honest sides with uproarious laughter. "Cuthbert, my boy," he said, "you have won your dear aunt's heart entirely; though she, being determined to mortify the flesh with its affections, does not propose seeing you again, but asks for Charley. The candour of that dear old lady increases with her age. You seem to have been making your court too, Father; she speaks of your smile in the most unqualified terms."

"Her ladyship must do me the honour to quiz me," said Mackworth. "If it is possible to judge by her eye, she must like me about as well as a mad dog."

"*Pour moi, mon père,*" said Cuthbert, curling up the corners of his thin lips sardonically, "I shall be highly content to leave my dear aunt in the peaceable enjoyment of her favourite society of grooms, horse-jockies, black-legs, dissenting ministers, and such-like. A month in that house, my dear Charley, will qualify you for a billiard marker; and, after a course of six weeks, you will be fit to take the situation of croupier in a low hell on a race-course. How you will enjoy yourself, my dear!"

"Steady, Cuthbert, steady," said his father; "I can't allow you to talk like that about your cousin's house. It is a great house for field sports, but there is not a better conducted house in the kingdom."

Cuthbert lay over on the sofa to fondle a cat, and then continued speaking very deliberately, in a slightly louder voice,—

"I will allow my aunt to be the most polite, intellectual, delicate-minded old lady in creation, my dearest father, if you wish it; only, not having been born (I beg her pardon, dropped) in a racing stable, as she was herself, I can hardly appreciate her conversation always. As for my cousin, I consider him a splendid sample of an hereditary legislator.

Charley, dear, you won't go to church on Sunday afternoon at Ranford; you will go into the croft with your cousin to see the chickens fed. Ascot is very curious in his poultry, particularly on Sunday afternoon. Father, why does he cut all the cocks' tails square?"

"Pooh, pooh," said Denzil, "what matter; many do it, besides him. Don't you be squeamish, Cuthbert—though, mind you, I don't defend cock-fighting on Sunday."

Cuthbert laughed and departed, taking his cat with him.

Charley had a long coach-journey of one day, and then an awful and wonderful journey on the Great Western Railway as far as Twyford—alighting at which place, he was accosted by a pleasant-looking, fresh-coloured boy, dressed in close-fitting cord trousers, a blue handkerchief, spotted with white, and a Scotch cap, who said,—

"Oh! I'm your cousin, Welter. I'm the same age as you, and I'm going to Eton next half. I've brought you over Tiger, because Punch is lame, and the station-master will look after your things; so we can come at once."

The boys were friends in two minutes; and, going out, there was a groom holding two ponies—on the prettiest of which Charley soon found himself seated, and jogging on with his companion towards Henley.

I like to see two honest lads, just introduced, opening their hearts to one another, and I know nothing more pleasant than to see how they rejoice as each similarity of taste comes out. By the time these two had got to Henley-bridge, Welter had heard the name of every horse in the Ravenshoe stables, and Charley was rapidly getting learned in Lord Ascot's racing stud. The river at Henley distracted his attention for a time, as the biggest he had seen, and he asked his cousin, "Did he think the Mississippi was much bigger than that now?" and Lord Welter supposed, "oh dear, yes, a great deal bigger," he should say. Then there was more conversation about dogs and guns, and pleasant country places to ride through; then a canter

over a lofty breezy down, and then the river again, far below, and at their feet the chimneys of Ranford.

The house was very full ; and, as the boys came up there was a crowd of phaetons, dog-carts, and saddle-horses, for the people were just arriving home for dinner after the afternoon drive, and, as they had all been to the same object of attraction that afternoon, they had all come in together and were loitering about talking, some not yet dismounted, and some on the steps. Welter was at home at once, and had a word with every one ; but Charley was left alone, sitting on his pony, feeling very shy, till, at last, a great brown man with a great brown moustache, and a gruff voice, came up to him and lifted him off the horse, holding him out at arm's length for inspection.

"So you are Curly Ravenshoe's boy, hey?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Ha!" said the stranger, putting him down, and leading him towards the door, "just tell your father you saw General Mainwaring, will you, and that he wanted to know how his old friend was."

Charley looked at the great brown hand which was in his own, and thought of the Afghan war, and of all the deeds of renown that that hand had done, and was raising his eyes to the general's face when they were arrested half-way by another face, not the general's.

It was that of a handsome, grey-headed man, who might have been sixty, he was so well conservé, but who was actually far more. He wore his own white hair, which contrasted strongly with a pair of delicate thin black eyebrows. His complexion was florid, with scarcely a wrinkle, his features were fine and regular, and a pair of sparkling dark grey eyes gave a pleasant light to his face. His dress was wondrously neat, and Charley, looking on him, guessed, with a boy's tact, that he was a man of mark.

"Whose son did you say he was, general?" said the stranger.

"Curly's!" said Mainwaring, stopping and smiling.

"No, really!" said the other; and then he looked fixedly at Charley and began to laugh, and Charley, seeing nothing better to do, looked up at the grey eyes and laughed too, and this made the stranger worse; and then, to crown the joke, the general began to laugh too, though none of them had said a syllable more than what I have written down; and at last the ridiculous exhibition finished up by the old gentleman taking a great pinch of snuff from a gold box, and turning away.

Charley was much puzzled, and was still more so when, in an hour's time, having dressed himself and being on his way down stairs to his aunt's room, who had just come in, he was stopped on a landing by this same old gentleman, beautifully dressed for dinner, who looked on him as before.

He didn't laugh this time, but he did worse. He utterly "dumbfounded" Charley by asking abruptly,—

"How's Jim?"

"He is very well, thank you, sir. His wife, Nora, nursed me when mamma died."

"Oh, indeed," said the other; "so he hasn't cut your father's throat yet, or anything of that sort."

"Oh, dear, no," said Charley, horrified; "bless you, what can make you think of such things? Why, he is the kindest man in the world."

"I don't know," said the old gentleman, thoughtfully; "that excessively faithful kind of creature is very apt to do that sort of thing. I should discharge any servant of mine who exhibited the slightest symptoms of affection as a dangerous lunatic;" with which villainous sentiment he departed.

Charley thought what a strange old gentleman he was for a short time, and then slid down the banisters. They were better banisters than those at Ravenshoe, being not so steep, and longer; so he went up, and slid down again; after which he knocked at his aunt's door.

It was with a beating heart that he waited for an answer. Cuthbert had described Lady Ascot as such a horrid

old ogress, that he was not without surprise when a cheery voice said, "Come in," and, entering a handsome room, he found himself in presence of a noble-looking old lady, with grey hair, who was netting in an upright, old-fashioned chair.

"So you are Charley Ravenshoe, eh?" she began. "Why, my dear, you must be perished with cold and hunger. I should have come in before, but I didn't expect you so soon. Tea will be here directly. You ain't a beauty, my dear, but I think I shall like you. There never was but one really handsome Ravenshoe, and that was poor Petre, your grandfather. Poor Alicia made a great fool of herself, but she was very happy with him. Welter, you naughty boy, be still."

The Right Honourable Viscount Welter wanted his tea, and was consequently troublesome and fractious. He had picked a quarrel with his grandmother's terrier, which he averred had bitten him in the leg, and he was now heating the poker, in order, he informed the old lady, to burn the place out, and prevent hydrophobia. Whether he would have done so or not we shall never know now, for, tea coming in at that moment, he instantly sat down at table, and called to Charley to do likewise.

"Call Miss Adelaide, will you, Sims?" said Lady Ascot; and presently there came tripping into the room the loveliest little blonde fairy, about ten years old, that ever you saw. She fixed her large blue eyes on Charley, and then came up and gave him a kiss, which he, the rogue, returned with interest, and then, taking her seat at the table, she turned to Welter, and hoped he was going to be good.

Such, however, it soon appeared, was not his lordship's intention. He had a guest at table, and he was bound in honour to show off before him, besides having to attend to his ordinary duty of frightening his grandmother as nearly into fits as was safe. Accordingly, he commenced the repast by cramming buns into his mouth, using the handle of his knife as a rammer, until the salvation

of his life appeared an impossibility, at which point he rose and left the room with a rapid, uneven step. On his re-appearance he began drinking, but, having caught his grandmother's eye over his teacup, he winked at her, and then held his breath till he was purple, and she begun to wring her hands in despair. All this time he was stimulated by Charley's laughter and Adelaide's crying out, continually, "Oh, isn't he a naughty boy, Lady Ascot? oh, do tell him not to do it." But the crowning performance of this promising young gentleman—the feat which threw everything else into the shade, and which confirmed Charley in his admiration of his profound talents—was this. Just as a tall, grave, and handsome footman was pouring water into the teapot, and while her ladyship was inspecting the operation with all the intense interest of an old tea-maker, at that moment did Lord Welter contrive to inflict on the unfortunate man a pinch on the leg, of such a shrewdly agonising nature as caused him to gnash his teeth in Lady Ascot's face, to cry aloud, "Oh, Lord!", to whirl the kettle within an inch of her venerable nose, and, finally, to gyrate across the room on one leg, and stand looking like the king of fools.

Lady Ascot, who had merely seen the effect, and not the cause, ordered him promptly to leave the room, whereupon Welter explained, and afterwards continued to Charley, with an off-hand candour quite his own, as if no such person as his grandmother was within a hundred miles,—

"You know, Charley, I shouldn't dare to behave like this if my tutor was at home; she'd make nothing of telling him, now. She's in a terrible wax, but she'll be all right by the time he comes back from his holidays; won't you, grandma?"

"You wicked boy," she replied, "I hope Hawtrey will cure you; Keate would have, I know."

The boys slid on the banisters; then they went to dessert. Then they went up-stairs, and looked over Welter's cricket apparatus, fishing tackle, and so

on; and then they went into the billiard-room, which was now lighted up and full of guests.

There were two tables in the room, at one of which a pool was getting up, while the other was empty. Welter was going to play pool, and Charley would have liked to do so too, being a very tolerable player; only he had promised his old tutor not to play for money till he was eighteen, and so he sat in the corner by the empty table, under the marking-board, with one leg gathered under him, and instantly found himself thinking about the little girl he had seen upstairs.

Once or twice he was surprised to find himself thinking so much about her, but he found it a pleasant subject, too, for he had sat in his corner more than half an hour without changing it, when he became aware that two men were taking down cues from the rack, and were going to play at his table.

They were his two friends of the afternoon, general Mainwaring and the grey-headed man who laughed. When they saw him they seemed glad, and the old gentleman asked him why he wasn't playing.

"I musn't play pool," he answered. "I should like to mark for you."

"Well said, my hero," said the general: "and so Jim's an honest man, is he?"

Charley saw that the old gentleman had told the general what had passed on the stairs, and wondered why he should take such an interest in him; but he soon fell to thinking about little Adelaide again, and marking mechanically though correctly.

He was aroused by the general's voice.—"Who did you mark that last miss to, my little man?" he said.

"To the old gentleman," said Charley, and then blushed at the consciousness of having said a rude thing.

"That is one for you, Methusaleh," said the general.

"Never mind," said the old gentleman, "I have one great source of pride, which no one can rob me of; I am twelve years older than I look."

They went on playing. "By-the-bye," said the General, "who is that exceedingly pretty child that the old lady has got with her?"

"A child she has adopted," said the old gentleman. "A granddaughter of an old friend who died in poverty. She is a noble-hearted old soul, the jockey, with all her absurdities."

"Who was she?" asked the General. "(That was rather a fluke, was it not?)"

"She! Why, a daughter of old Cingle Headstall's, the mad old Cheshire baronet—you don't remember him, of course, but your father knew him. Drove his tandem round and round Berkeley Square for four hours on a foggy night, under the impression he was going home to Hounslow, and then fired at the watchman who tried to put him right, taking him for a highwayman. The son went to France, and was lost sight of in the revolution; so the girl came in for what money there was: not very much I take it. This poor thing, who was pretty and clever enough, but without education, having been literally brought up in a stable, captivated the sagacious Ascot, and made him a capital wife."

"I suppose she'll portion this girl, then; you say she had money?"

"H'm," said the old gentleman, "there's a story about the aforesaid money, which is told in different ways, but which amounts to this,—that the money is no more. Hallo, our marker is getting sleepy."

"Not at all, sir," said Charley. "If you will excuse me a moment I will come back."

He ran across to Welter, who was leaning on his cue. "Can you tell me," said he, "who is that old gentleman?"

"Which old gentleman?"

"That one, with the black eyebrows, playing with General Manwaring. There he is taking snuff."

"Oh, him," said Welter; "that is Lord Saltire."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WARREN HASTINGS.

TIME, the inexorable, kept mowing away at poor Charley's flowers until the dis-

agreeable old creature had cut them all down but two or three, and mowed right into the morning when it was necessary that he should go home; and then Charley, looking forward through his tears, could see nothing at first but the very commonest grass. For was he not going to leave Adelaide, probably never to see her again? In short, Charley was in love, and going to separate from the object of his affections for the first time; at which I request you will not laugh, but just reflect how old you were yourself when you first fell in love.

The little flirt, she must have waited till she heard him coming out of his room, and then have pretended to be coming up stairs all in a hurry. He got a kiss or a dozen though, and a lock of hair, I believe, but he hadn't much time to think about it, for Lord Ascot was calling out for him, and, when he got into the hall, there was all the household to see him off. Everybody had a kind word for him; the old lady cried; Lord Saltire and the general shook hands; Welter said it was a beastly sell; and Lord Ascot hummed and hawed, and told him to tell his father he had been a good boy. They were all sorry he was going, and he felt as though he was leaving old friends; but the carriage was there, and the rain was pouring down; and, with one last look at the group of faces, he was in the carriage and away.

It was a terrible day, though he did not notice it at first. He was thinking how pleasant it was that the people were all so kind to him, just as kind as they were at home. He thought of Adelaide, and wondered whether she would ever think of him. He was rather glad that Welter was such a naughty boy (not really naughty you know), because she would be less likely to like him. And then he thought how glad the people at home would be to see him; and then he looked out of window. He had left Lord Ascot's carriage and got into the train sometime before this. Now he saw that the train was going very slowly, and nothing was visible through the driving rain. Then he tried to remember whether he had ever heard his father

speak of Lord Saltire, and what he had heard about him; and, thinking about this, the train stopped. Swindon!

He got out to go to the refreshment room, and began wondering what the noise was which prevented him from hearing any one when they spoke, and why the people looked scared and talked in knots, then he found that it was the wind in the roof; and some one told him that a chimney had been blown across the line, and they must wait till it was removed.

All the day the brave engine fought westward against the wind, and two hours after time Charley found himself in the coach which would take him to Stonnington. The night crept on, and the coach crawled on its way through the terrible night, and Charley slept. In the cold pitiless morning, as they were going over a loftily exposed moor, the vehicle, though only going foot's pace, stood for an instant on two wheels, and then fell crashing over on to a heap of road-side stones, awaking Charley, who, being unhurt, lay still for five minutes or so, with a faint impression of having been shaken in his sleep, and, after due reflection, made the brilliant discovery that the coach was upset.

He opened the door over his head and jumped out. For an instant he was blinded by the stinging rain, but turned his back to it; and then, for the first time, he became aware that this was the most terrible gale of wind he had ever seen in his lifetime.

He assisted the coachman and guard, and the solitary outside passenger, to lead the poor horses along the road. They fought on for about two hundred yards, and came to an alehouse, on the sight of which Charley knew that they were two stages short of where he thought they had been, for this was the Watershed Inn, and the rain from its roof ran partly into the Bristol channel and partly into the British.

After an hour's rest here Charley was summoned to join the coach in the valley below, and they crawled on again. It was a weary day over some very bleak country. They saw in one place a cottage unroofed on a moor and the

terrified family crouched down beneath the tottering walls. In the valleys great trees were down across the road, which were cross-cut and moved by country men, who told of oaks of nine hundred years fallen in the night, and corn stacks hurried before the blast like the leaves of autumn. Still, as each obstacle was removed, there was the guard up blowing his horn cheerily, and Charley was inside with a jump, and on they went.

At last, at three o'clock, the coach drove under the gate of the Chichester Arms, at Stonnington, and Charley, jumping out, was received by the establishment with the air of people who had done a clever thing, and were ready to take their meed of praise with humility. The handsome landlady took great credit to herself for Charley's arrival—so much so, that one would have thought she herself had single-handed dragged the coach from Exeter. "She had been sure all along that Mr. Charles would come." A speech which, with the cutting glance that accompanied it, goaded the landlord to retort in a voice wheezy with good living, and to remind her that she had said, not ten minutes before, that she was quite sure he wouldn't; whereupon the landlady loftily begged him not to expose himself before the servants. At which the landlord laughed, and choked himself; at which the landlady slapped him on the back, and laughed too; after which they went in.

His father, the landlord told him, had sent his pony over, as he was afraid of a carriage on the moor to-day, and that, if he felt at all afraid to come on, he was to sleep where he was. Charley looked at the comfortable parlour and hesitated; but, happening to close his eyes an instant, he saw as plain as possible the library at home, and the flickering fire-light falling on the crimson and oak furniture, and his father listening for him through the roaring wind; and so he hesitated no longer, but said he would push on, and that he would wish to see his servant while he took dinner.

The landlord eyed him admiringly

with his head on one side, and proceeded to remark that corn was down another shilling; that Squire West had sold his cheanut mare for one hundred and twenty pounds; and that if he kept well under the walls going home he would be out of the wind; that his missis was took poorly in the night with spasms, and had been cured by two wine-glasses of peppermint; that a many chimney-pots was blown down, and that old Jim Baker had heard tell as a pig was blowed through the church window. After which he poked the fire and retired.

Charley was hard at his dinner when his man came in. It was the oldest of the pad grooms,—a man with grizzled hair, looking like a white terrier; and he stood before Charley smoothing his face with his hand.

"Hallo, Michael," said Charley, "how came you to come?"

"Master wouldn't send no other, sir. It's a awful day down there; there's above a hundred trees down along the road."

"Shall we be able to get there?"

"As much as we shall, sir."

"Let us try. Terrible sea, I suppose?"

"Awful to look at, sir. Mr. Mackworth and Mr. Cuthbert are down to look at it."

"No craft ashore?"

"None as yet. None of our boats is out. Yesterday morning a Pill boat, 52, stood in to see where she was and beat out again, but that was before it came on so bad."

So they started. They pushed rapidly out of the town, and up a narrow wooded valley which led to the moor which lay between them and Ravenshoe. For some time they were well enough sheltered, and made capital way, till the wood began to grow sparer, and the road to rise abruptly. Here the blast began to be more sensibly felt, and in a quarter of a mile they had to leap three uprooted trees; before them they heard a rushing noise like the sea. It was the wind upon the moor.

Creeping along under the high stone walls and bending down, they pushed on still, until, coming to the open moor, and

receiving for the first time the terrible tornado full in their faces, the horses reared up and refused to proceed ; but, being got side by side, and their heads being homeward, they managed to get on, though the rain upon their faces was agonising.

As they were proceeding thus, with Michael on the windward side, Charley looked up, and there was another horse-man beside him. He knew him directly ; it was Lloyd's agent.

"Anything wrong, Mr. Lewis, any ship ashore ?" he shouted.

"Not yet," said the agent. "But there'll be many a good sailor gone to the bottom before to-morrow morning, I'm thinking. This is the heaviest gale or forty years."

By degrees they descended to more sheltered valleys, and after a time found themselves in the court-yard of the hall. Charley was caught up by his father ; the agent was sent to the housekeeper's room ; and very soon Charley had forgotten all about wind and weather, and was pouring into his father's ear all his impressions of Ranford.

"I am glad you liked it," said Densil, "and I'll be bound they liked you. You ought to have gone first ; Cuthbert don't suit them."

"Oh, Cuthbert's too clever for them," said Charley ; "they are not at all clever people, bless you !" And only just in time too, for Cuthbert walked into the room.

"Well, Charley," he said coolly, "so you're come back. Well, and what did you think of Welter, eh ? I suppose he suited you ?"

"I thought him very funny, Cuthbert," said Charley timidly.

"I thought him an abominable young nuisance," said Cuthbert. "I hope he hasn't taught you any of his fool's tricks."

Charley wasn't to be put off like this ; so he went and kissed his brother, and then came back to his father. There was a long dull evening, and when they went to complines he went to bed. Up in his room he could hear that the wind was worse than ever, not rushing up in

great gusts and sinking again as in ordinary gales, but keeping up one continued unvarying scream against the house, which was terrible to hear.

He got frightened at being alone ; afraid of finding some ghostly thing at his elbow, which had approached him unheard through the noise. He began, indeed, to meditate upon going down stairs, when Cuthbert, coming into the next room, reassured him, and he got into bed.

This wasn't much better though, for there was a thing in a black hood came and stood at the head of his bed, and, though he could not see it, he could feel the wind of its heavy draperies as it moved. Moreover, a thing like a caterpillar, with a cat's head, about two feet long, came creep-creeping up the counterpane ; which he valiantly smote, and found it to be his handkerchief—and still the unvarying roar went on till it was unendurable.

He got up and went to his brother's room, and was cheered to find a light burning ; he came softly in and called "Cuthbert."

"Who is there ?" asked he, with a sudden start.

"It's I," said Charley ; "can you sleep ?"

"Not I," said Cuthbert, sitting up. "I can hear people talking in the wind. Come into bed ; I'm so glad you're come."

Charley lay down by his brother, and they talked about ghosts for a long time. Once their father came in with a light from his bed-room next door, and sat on the bed talking, as if he, too, was glad of company, and after that they dozed off and slept.

It was in the grey light of morning that they awoke together and started up. The wind was as bad as ever, but the whole house was still, and they stared terrified at one another.

"What was it ?" whispered Charles.

Cuthbert shook his head and listened again. As he was opening his mouth to speak it came again, and they knew it was that which woke them. A sound like a single footstep on the floor above,

light enough, but which shook the room. Cuthbert was out of bed in an instant, tearing on his clothes. Charley jumped out too, and asked him, "What is it?"

"A gun!"

Charles well knew what awful disaster was implied in those words. The wind was N.W., setting into the bay. The ship that fired that gun was doomed.

He heard his father leap out of bed and ring furiously at his bell. Then doors began to open and shut, and voices and rapid footsteps were heard in the passage. In ten minutes the whole terrified household were running hither and thither, about they hardly knew what. The men were pale, and some of the women were beginning to whimper and wring their hands; when Densil, Lewis the agent, and Mackworth, came rapidly down the staircase and passed out. Mackworth came back, and told the women to put on hot water and heat blankets. Then Cuthbert joined him, and they went together; and directly after Charley found himself between two men-servants, being dragged rapidly along towards the low headland which bounded the bay on the east.

When they came to the beach, they found the whole village pushing on in a long straggling line the same way as themselves. The men were walking singly, either running, or going very fast; and the women were in knots of twos and threes, straggling along and talking excitedly, with much gesticulation.

"There's some of the elect on board, I'll be bound," Charles heard one woman say, "as will be supping in glory this blessed night."

"Ay, ay," said an older woman, "I'd sooner be taken to rest sudden, like they're going to be, than drag on till all the faces you know are gone before."

"My boy," said another, "was lost in a typhoon in the China sea. (Darn they lousy typhoons!) I wonder if he thought of his mother afore he went down."

Among such conversation as this, with
No. 16.—VOL. III.

the terrible, ceaseless thunder of the surf upon his left, Charley, clinging tight to his two guardians, made the best weather of it he could, until they found themselves on the short turf of the promontory, with their faces seaward, and the water right and left of them. The cape ran out about a third of a mile, rather low, and then abruptly ended in a cone of slate, beyond which, about two hundred yards at sea, was that terrible sunken rock, "the Wolf," on to which, as sure as death, the flowing tide carried every stick which was embayed. The tide was making; a ship was known to be somewhere in the bay; it was blowing a hurricane; and what would you more?

They hurried along as well as they could among the sharp slates which rose through the turf, until they came to where the people had halted. Charley saw his father, the agent, Mackworth, and Cuthbert together, under a rock; the villagers were standing around, and the crowd was thickening every moment. Every one had his hand over his eyes, and was peering due to windward through the driving scud.

They had stopped at the foot of the cone, which was between them and the sea, and some more adventurous had climbed partly up it, if, perhaps, they might see further than their fellows; but in vain: they all saw and heard the same—a blinding white cauldron of wind-driven spray below, and all around, filling every cranny—the howling storm.

A quarter of an hour since she fired last, and no signs of her yet! She must be carrying canvas and struggling for life, ignorant of the four-knot stream. Some one says she may have gone down,—hush! who spoke?

Old Sam Evans had spoken. He had laid his hand on the squire's shoulder, and said, "There she is." And then arose a hubbub of talking from the men, and every one crowded on his neighbour and tried to get nearer. And the women moved hurriedly about, some moaning to themselves, and some saying, "Ah, poor dear!" "Ah, dear Lord! there she is, sure enough."

She hove in sight so rapidly that, almost as soon as they could be sure of a dark object, they saw that it was a ship—a great ship about 900 tons; that she was dismasted, and that her decks were crowded. They could see that she was unmanageable, turning her head hither and thither as the sea struck her, and that her people had seen the cliff at the same moment, for they were hurrying aft, and crowding on to the bulwarks.

Charley and his guardians crept up to his father's party. Densil was standing silent, looking on the lamentable sight; and, as Charley looked at him, he saw a tear run down his cheek, and heard him say, "Poor fellows!" Cuthbert stood staring intently at the ship, with his lips slightly parted. Mackworth, like one who studies a picture, held his elbow in one hand, and kept the other over his mouth; and the agent used his pocket-handkerchief openly.

It is a sad sight to see a fine ship beyond control. It is like seeing one one loves gone mad. Sad under any circumstances, how terrible it is when she is bearing on with her in her mad *Baccante's* dance a freight of living, loving human creatures, to untimely destruction!

As each terrible feature and circumstance of the catastrophe became apparent to the lookers-on, the excitement became more intense. Forward and in the waist there were a considerable body of seamen clustered about under the bulwarks—some half-stripped. In front of the cuddy door, between the poop and the mainmast, twenty soldiers were drawn up, with whom were three officers, to be distinguished by their blue coats and swords. On the quarter deck were seven or eight women, two apparently ladies, one of whom carried a baby. A well-dressed man, evidently the captain, was with them; but the cynosure of all eyes was a tall man in white trousers, at once and correctly judged to be the mate, who carried in his arms a little girl.

The ship was going straight upon the rock, now only marked as a whiter spot upon the whitened sea, and she was fear-

fully near it, rolling and pitching, turning her head hither and thither, fighting for her life. She had taken comparatively little water on board as yet; but now a great sea struck her forward, and she swung with her bow towards the rock, from which she was distant not twenty yards. The end was coming. Charley saw the mate slip off his coat and shirt, and take the little girl. He saw the lady with the baby rise very quietly and look forward; he saw the sailors climbing on the bulwarks; he saw the soldiers standing steady in two scarlet lines across the deck; he saw the officers wave their hands to one another, and then he hid his face in his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

They told him after how the end had come; she had lifted up her bows defiantly, and brought them crashing down upon the pitiless rock as though in despair. Then her stern had swung round, and a merciful sea broke over her, and hid her from their view, though above the storm they plainly heard her brave old timbers crack; then she floated off, with bulwarks gone, sinking, and drifted out of sight round the headland, and, though they raced across the headland, and waited a few breathless minutes for her to float round into sight again, they never saw her any more. The Warren Hastings was gone down in fifteen fathom. And now there was a new passion introduced into the tragedy, to which it had hitherto been a stranger—Hope. The wreck of part of the mainmast and half the main-topmast, which they had seen, before she struck, lumbering the deck, had floated off, and there were three, four, five men clinging to the futtock shrouds; and then, with a shout, they saw the mate with the child hoist himself on to the spar, and part his dripping hair from his eyes.

The spar had floated into the bay, into which they were looking, into much calmer water; but, directly to leeward, the swell was tearing at the black slate rocks, and in ten minutes they would be on them. Every man saw the danger, and Densil, running down to the water's edge, cried,—

"Fifty pound to any one who will take 'em a rope! Fifty gold sovereigns down to-night! Who's going?"

Jim Mathews was going, and had been going before he heard of the fifty pound—that was evident; for he was stripped, and out on the rocks with the rope round his waist. He stepped from the bank of slippery seaweed into the heaving water, and then his magnificent limbs were in full battle with the tide. A roar announced his success. As he was seen clambering on to the spar, a stouter rope was paid out; and very soon it and its burden were high and dry upon the little half-moon of sand which ended the bay.

Five sailors, the first mate, and a bright-eyed little girl were their precious prize. The sailors lay about upon the sand, and the mate, untying the shawl that bound her to him, put the silent and frightened child into the hands of a woman who stood close by.

The poor little thing was trembling in every limb. "If you please," she said to the woman, "I should like to go to mamma. She is standing with baby on the quarterdeck. Mr. Archer, will you take me back to mamma, please? She will be frightened if we stay away."

"Well, a deary me," said the honest woman, "she'll break my heart, a darling; mamma's in heaven, my tender, and baby too."

"No, indeed," said the child, eagerly; "she is on the quarter-deck. Mr. Archer, Mr. Archer!"

The mate, a tall, brawny, whiskerless, hard-faced man, about six-and-twenty, who had been thrust into a pea-coat, now approached.

"Where's mamma, Mr. Archer?" said the child.

"Where's mamma, my lady-bird! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"And where's the ship, and Captain Dixon, and the soldiers?"

"The ship, my pretty love," said the mate, putting his rough hand on the child's wet hair; "why the good ship, Warren Hastings, Dixon, master, is a-sunk beneath the briny waves, my darling; and all aboard of her, being good

sailors and brave soldiers, is doubtless at this moment in glory."

The poor little thing set up a low wailing cry, which went to the hearts of all present; then the women carried her away, and the mate, walking between Mackworth and Densil, headed the procession homeward to the hall.

"She was the Warren Hastings, of 900 tons," he said, "from Calcutta, with a detachment of the 120th on board. The old story,—dismasted, both anchors down, cables parted, and so on. And now I expect you know as much as I do. This little girl is daughter to Captain Corby, in command of the troops. She was always a favourite of mine, and I determined to get her through. How steady those sojers stood, by jingo, as though they were on parade. Well, I always thought something was going to happen, for we had never a quarrel the whole voyage, and that's curious with troops. Capital crew, too. Ah, well, they are comfortable enough now, eh, sir?"

That night the mate arose from his bed like a giant refreshed with wine, and posted off to Bristol to "her owners," followed by a letter from Densil, and another from Lloyds' agent, of such a nature that he found himself in command of a ship in less than a month. Periodically, unto this day, there arrive at Ravenshoe, bows and arrows (supposed to be poisoned), paddles, punkahs, rice-paper screens; a malignant kind of pickle, which causeth the bowels of him that eateth of it to burn; wicked-looking old gods of wood and stone; models of Juggernaut, his car; brown earthenware moonshees, translating glazed porcelain bibles; and many other Indian curiosities, all of which are imported and presented by the kind-hearted Archer.

In a fortnight the sailors were gone, and save a dozen or so of new graves in the churchyard, nothing remained to tell of the Warren Hastings but the little girl saved so miraculously—little Mary Corby.

She had been handed over at once to the care of the kind-hearted Norah, Charles's nurse, who instantaneously

loved her with all her great warm Irish heart, and about three weeks after the wreck gave Charles these particulars about her, when he went to pay her a visit in the cottage behind the kennels.

After having hugged him violently, and kissed him till he laughingly refused to let her do it again till she had told him the news, she began,—“The beauty-boy, he gets handsomer every day” (this might be true, but there was great room for improvement yet), “and comes and sees his old nurse, and who loves him so well, alanna? It’s little I can tell ye about the little girl, me darlin’. She’s nine years old, and a heretic, like yer own darlin’ self, and whose to gainsay ye from it? She’s book-learned enough, and play she says she can, and I axed her would she like to live in the great house, and she said no. She liked me, and wanted to stay with me. She cries about her mother, a dear, but not so much as she did, and she’s now inside and asleep. Come here, Avick.”

She bent down her handsome face to Charley’s ear, and whispered, “If my

boy was looking out for a little wee fairy wife, eh?”

Charley shook his hair, and laughed, and there and then told Norah all about Adelaide, which attachment Norah highly approved of, and remarked that he’d be old enough to be married before he knew where he was.

In spite of Densil’s letters and inquiries, no friends came forward to claim little Mary. In a very short time Densil gave up inquiring, and then he began dreading lest she should be taken from him, for he had got wonderfully fond of the quiet, pale, bright-eyed little creature. In three months she was considered as a permanent member of the household, and the night before Charley went to school he told her of his grand passion. His lordship considered this step showed deep knowledge of the world, as it would have the effect of crushing in the bud any rash hopes which Mary might have conceived; and, having made this provision for her peace of mind, he straightway departed to Shrewsbury school.

(To be continued.)

ETON.

It is probable that before long there will be a call for a revision of the Eton constitution. In age, wealth, prominence, and importance to the country, Eton comes next to the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge: it was to be expected, therefore, that her turn would follow theirs in the process of educational reform. And, indeed, the Cambridge Reform Commissioners were invested with powers for examining, if necessary, the case of Eton, and proceeding accordingly; but they appear only to have used this power *in terrorem*, to overcome the reluctance of the Eton authorities to consent to the reforms of King’s College, Cambridge: Probably they found the task of bringing Cam-

bridge University to accept even a slender modicum of reform quite difficult and disagreeable enough: and had no desire for an extension of it. We have had, however, various signs, from the most different quarters, that the public mind is turned or turning to this subject. Ordinary remonstrances, with the average admixture of error and exaggeration, can often be silently crushed by the weight of influence which old, famous, and independent bodies possess; but such treatment could hardly be applied to the pamphlet of Sir J. Cole-ridge. That eminent old Etonian has written with a most thorough knowledge of the subject, and in a strain of affectionate though not indiscriminate

eulogy. He has avoided every appearance of making a direct attack on Eton, —to a degree almost laughable, when he entitles his pamphlet "A Lecture on Public Schools;" so that, in fact, the only fault we can find with him is, that he has tempered his judicial severity with a little too much of partial tenderness. Even thus, what he does say shows that he strongly feels the imperative need of reform.

It will be well, in discussing this question, to disconnect it entirely from the general controversy between public and private schools. The arguments for both have been frequently well put forward, and appear adapted rather to balance than to meet each other; in the case of individual boys the choice between them may often be determined by individual circumstances; but it is almost certain that, in England, public schools will always maintain their advantage. There can be no doubt that they are a most natural outgrowth of the English mind; that they embody most characteristically that spirit which pervades our whole political and social system; and which draws from foreigners so loud a note of mingled wonder, censure, and admiration. But the general public school system is considerably modified in the case of each school by its peculiar institutions; and it will be more profitable, as well as more convenient, to discuss these separately.

The only danger lest the question should not be thoroughly examined arises from the fact, that there has been of late so much written, said, and done, about educational reform. The upper classes, the middle classes, the lower classes—all have had their turns in the general sifting that the education of the country has undergone. The average mind, whose interest for the public weal is more or less largely adulterated by the desire of hearing some new thing, is beginning to get tired of the whole business, and to think that we might now let it rest awhile. It may be doubted whether we ought ever to let it rest; whether we ought not to accept a con-

tinual state of change, not as an ideal condition of our educational system, but as the best thing that we can practically get. We have by this time outgrown the presumption of imagining that we can ever make institutions for all time; and the worst evils of change are less than those that result from forcing one age to work in the harness of another. And let no one point, in the serenity of self-satisfaction, to the great and glorious results produced by any institution in former times. Such an appeal is appropriate in Cathay, but certainly not among us. All that now exists, all that we hold most precious, is derived from changes, against which the same appeal might have been made with equal force.

But it may be asked, Why not trust to the wisdom of the educating bodies themselves, and the indirect pressure of public opinion, to effect the necessary changes, without any direct external action? And there can be no doubt that the great improvement which has taken place, during the last thirty years, in our public schools has been effected almost entirely in the former way. But some of these bodies are so predisposed by their constitution to retain the old and refuse the new, without fairly considering the intrinsic merits of either, that they cannot be entirely trusted with the work of their own reform. A plain statement of the case will, perhaps, enable us to judge whether Eton be one of these or not.

The first fact we have to notice, which will, we think, much amaze the uninitiated, is this; that, although the Eton masters are justly considered the best paid members of their profession, the salary that each receives for his regular work in school is under 45*l.* per annum. This is the only part of their income which is fixed; the remainder, which is derived from private pupils, is fluctuating, and, therefore, hard to estimate. As, however, it has been much exaggerated, we shall try to approximate to it. We believe the income of an assistant master, who has not a boarding-house, to vary between 600*l.* and 900*l.* per annum, while one who has a house makes

between one and two thousand. It may happen that an old and privileged master exceeds the highest of these estimates; or a peculiarly unlucky newcomer falls below the lowest; but, on the whole, we think they will be found correct. We see, therefore, that the actual income of a master is at least twelve times that which he receives from King Henry the Sixth's foundation; while, at the same time, the work for which he is paid 45*l.* may be reckoned as taking up a third of his time. For this work, therefore, he is ludicrously underpaid; it follows, as a matter of course, that he must be paid very highly for the remainder. This discrepancy between the two payments is evidently in itself an evil: it must *tend* to produce a proportionate inferiority in the underpaid work. With a high-principled and conscientious body like the Eton masters, this tendency will, of course, be much weakened, but operate it must, to a certain extent. Again, it is desirable that a school-master's income should be partially fluctuating, and influenced by competition; but that it should be liable to so great variation, from the effect perhaps of mere fancy or fortune, while his work is by no means increased or diminished in the same ratio, is unfair and unadvisable. But the worst result, to which we shall again have occasion to allude, is this; that, since the masters are thus almost entirely dependent on their pupils for support, and since each fresh pupil, while he adds 20*l.* to their income, adds very little to their work, they are naturally inclined to take more pupils than they otherwise would, and, as we think, more than they ought.

How, then, is the money of this royal and wealthy foundation absorbed, that it pays its masters at the rate of the lowest usher in the commonest grammar school?

The answer is easy. The foundation supports, besides the masters and seventy scholars, seven fellows and a provost. The exact income of a fellow is of course known only to his fortunate self and brethren; but we may estimate it at about 1,000*l.* a year. This he re-

ceives for doing a minimum of work; and it may be doubted whether this minimum might not most advantageously be dispensed with.

Let us look into the relations of this sinecurist and absorptive body; we may find that we have here a great cause of the evils of Eton, or at least a great obstacle to their removal.

The simple fact of sinecurism, without excuse, gives us a presumption against them. They form a perfect specimen of those "comfortable bodies," which our ruthless reforming age has insisted upon making uncomfortable, where it has not swept them away altogether. They are a useless relic of past ages—a remnant of the monastic life; ideally, a life of self-denying and learned seclusion, actually so often a life of luxurious and unlearned sloth. It is one of the justest praises of our own times, that we are honest, sincere, and earnest, in endeavouring to give "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work;" and not otherwise.

It is true, that the fellowships at the universities have escaped the general destruction; but only for two weighty reasons, viz. as prizes to stimulate youth to intellectual exertions, and means for assisting it, when talented and poor, through the early unproductive years of our learned professions. The income of these fellowships, too, is comparatively small, and in most cases only sufficient to answer these two ends. It is true that these reasons do not cover the case of a bachelor retaining his fellowship through life; but here we must speak our own decided opinion—the opinion of a large and influential body at both universities—that in this point the reform has not been thorough. Here, however, another strange relic of monasticism, in itself objectionable, exercises a counteracting force; and the public, while it does not compel these sinecurists to work, has at least a grim satisfaction in not allowing them to marry.

But it is said in favour of the Eton fellowships, that they are useful as retiring pensions for the masters. Let us examine this excuse.

The simplest answer is, that retiring pensions are not needed at Eton. An Eton master begins with an income of usually about 800*l.* and rises to one of usually about 1,500*l.* a year. When we consider how much lower are the payments given to others of the same profession, of at least equal ability, who have no retiring pension to look forward to, we feel that there is no hard-heartedness in saying, that every Eton master ought to save enough to support him in his declining years. We may remember, too, that he is in a situation of peculiar advantage with respect to that which every paterfamilias feels to be the chief source of his expense and anxiety, namely, the education of his children.

But even supposing that retiring pensions of this large amount were desirable, we can easily show that the present system is very ill adapted for properly bestowing them.

In the first place, these fellowships are confined to clergymen. Now, in every school, the lay element among the masters is, or ought to be, very considerable. The necessity of this, and the evil that would result from leaving our education entirely in the hands of clergymen, is now fully recognised; and from the present course of public feeling, we may infer that it will be daily more and more felt. While we protest against the extreme view, which some hold,¹ that educational work is in no sense work of the ministry, and therefore a schoolmaster cannot conscientiously take orders, we think that laymen ought, as much as possible, to be encouraged to devote themselves to education. And, since at present they cannot hope for any of the first places in their profession, nor look forward, as clergymen can, to other work as a relief after the fatigues of a schoolmaster's life, it is apparent that they, if any, ought to have these retiring pensions,

from which they are expressly excluded. The additional evil, too, must be noticed;—that this restriction of the fellowships induces men to take orders who would not otherwise do so. This result is on every account to be regretted; and that it does not exist in theory only, even among the most high-principled body of men, any resident at either university can tell.

We have alluded to the resources possessed by clerical schoolmasters of retiring to easy parochial work. If the fellowships were done away with, these resources might be most conveniently and fully secured to the Eton masters. The numerous livings, now in the gift of the fellows, might be offered to them in succession as they fell vacant. Under the present system they would of course be rejected with scorn by all who could look forward to a fellowship. It might naturally be supposed that the corporate body would give these livings away in its corporate capacity; as it is, they form a nice piece of patronage for the friends and relatives of the fellows, as a casual reference to the Clergy List will prove.

But there is another reason which would render the Eton fellowships a bad system for the award of retiring pensions, which also constitutes an objection against their existing at all; the fact that the fellows form a small co-operative body, with perfectly uncontrolled freedom of choice, and no subsequent tests of their election. Bodies of this kind are peculiarly liable to the temptation of choosing for other reasons than that of simple desert. The abuse we allude to has been known to creep in even at the universities, where the co-opting bodies are larger, where they distinctly profess to elect according to proficiency in learning, and where a bad choice may reflect subsequent disgrace on themselves. There is a danger of such a body being unduly influenced by merely social reasons; there is a still greater danger of family motives making themselves felt—a greater danger, both because the abuse is worse in itself, and because it is harder to eradicate. This

¹ We are sorry to hear that Bishop Villiers refuses to ordain schoolmasters in his diocese. But the law at present allows individual bishops too much licence of private tyranny: and Lord Shaftesbury's protégés are beginning to make this generally felt.

influence, when admitted in one instance, is irresistible in a second, and the members become bound together in a sort of a mutual complicity in family jobbery, which the smallness of their numbers makes it easier to perpetuate. We are not drawing a picture of the existing state of things at Eton—far from it; such a charge would be most invidious, and, as far as we know, untenable; but we can have no guarantee against such things occurring there as elsewhere.

But it may be urged that the fellows actually have some slight amount of work—they administer the college revenues, and preach in chapel to the boys. This is true; but so unfortunate is their relation to the school in its present state and with its present wants, that their work is almost equally undesirable with their idleness. In the first place, being a number of old men, who have lived from boyhood within a narrow circle of traditions—as they have all proceeded from Eton to King's College, Cambridge, and back again to Eton—it may easily be conceived that they are an ultra-conservative and obstructive body. But, as the force of this general objection will not be felt by all, in order to particularize, it will be necessary to enter more fully into the constitution of the school, and allude to some of the practical complaints which have been brought against its present working.

There are at Eton about 70 collegers, or boys on the foundation, who live in the college buildings; and about 750 oppidans, *i.e.*, boys living in dames' or masters' houses. The oppidans are, therefore, ten times as numerous as the collegers; and there is no doubt, that, in the eye of the world, they are more than ten times as important. It is they that have made Eton what it is; it is to their class, without a single exception, that the long roll of names belongs in which an Etonian glories. Sir J. Coleridge, in his admirable lecture, has told us that oppidans were provided for in the original design of the founder. This is a new and interesting view of the subject: the rigidly mediæval mind has hitherto

regarded the collegers as the only boys belonging to the foundation, and, therefore, the true Etonians; and the oppidans as really only the private pupils of the head master.

Now the natural result of the Eton system is, that the school is under a kind of double government; of the provost and fellows on the one hand, as administrators of the college funds, and the head master on the other. This double government is not in itself an evil. Most public schools are similarly under the control of trustees or governors, who, if they are sensible men, do not clog the working of the school; they form a useful check on an imprudent head master, while they let a wise one have pretty much his own way. But the result of the peculiar constitution of Eton, and the narrow sphere in which the fellows have lived, is that they are imbued with the above-mentioned mediæval theory: and, while they are not wanting in care for the collegers, they refuse to consider themselves bound to do anything at all for the oppidans. A short-sighted and unfair policy, even on their own grounds; for the first-rate teachers, of whose instructions the collegers reap the benefit, are paid, as we have seen, chiefly by the oppidans: not to mention the enormous social advantages which the collegers derive from the fact that Eton is what it is, instead of a mere grammar school of seventy boys. But such is the policy too often pursued. For instance, there is now an imperative need of new school buildings at Eton. Various evils result from the present confined state of the school. Sir J. Coleridge has alluded to one, *viz.* that mathematics has now to be taught in a private building, so that an important branch of education is degraded in the eyes of the boys. The new buildings would cost at least 10,000*l.* Will it be believed that the fellows will only furnish a very small portion of this sum from the funds of the foundation? so that, for the rest, recourse must be had to private subscription; that is, an appeal *ad misericordiam* must be made to old Etonians, or the parents of the oppidans, who already pay so much,

must be still further taxed. It would be most unjust to attribute this strange parsimony either to laziness or selfishness; the fellows have, we believe, spared neither trouble nor expense where the benefit of these would be reaped exclusively by the collegers; but the deficiencies of a system are obvious, which thus perniciously narrows the scope of the best intentions.

Let us now turn to the case of the assistants. It is against them that the heaviest complaints have been brought; against their quality, their number, and their work.

With regard to the first count there has been considerable exaggeration. It is, no doubt, an evil that they should all up to a late period have been taken from a single college at Cambridge, and that a small one; but no Cambridge man would have questioned the classical reputation of King's. Obscure it may be called, as it made no appearance in the class lists, and was so much cut off from the rest of the university; but a slight reference to the list of university scholarships and prizes in the Cambridge calendar—the only honours formerly open to King's men—will speedily place its merits on their true footing. The Triposes were, a few years ago, thrown open to the King's men; and, though it was some little time before they entered with alacrity into the novel competition, they are now bidding fair to stand second to none in classics, as the classical Tripos list for 1860 shows. Here we find four King's men, out of the six who went in, in a first class consisting of eleven, two of these four being first and fourth. The size, however, of the college is quite inadequate to the supply of masters to a school like Eton; which Dr. Goodford has seen, and consequently introduced the principle of selecting indifferently out of the whole number of old Etonians. We hope, however, that he will go further than this, and do away with all restriction of choice. altogether—that he will not be bound by the irrational prejudice which, grotesquely parodying the popular maxim, refuses to have

any but an "Eton man in an Eton place."

It is not merely that, even under his system, the supply of fit candidates barely equals the demand. The best scholarship will not compensate for the general narrowness produced by such a selection, a narrowness tending to perpetuate routine, however obsolete, and oppose reforms, however desirable. That there should be a preponderance among the assistants of Etonians, who can best understand and appreciate the system under which they were trained, is natural and right; that all others should be excluded, unnatural and wrong.

In the other two complaints, which, in fact, amount to one—that the number of assistants is too small and consequently their work too great—there appears to be more truth. They are led to take so many private pupils, that they cannot give to each the attention that the parents have a right to expect. This probably arises, as we before observed, from the fact that this "private business," as it is called, is the only lucrative part of an assistant's work. No doubt, Dr. Goodford has done much by making a rule, that no new master shall have more than forty pupils; but we wish he had put the limit lower, and made the rule apply to all. We sympathize with his *motives* in not disturbing old masters who had already more; but it does seem a peculiarly inappropriate application of the principle of vested interests. If the limit was a lower one, say thirty, there would be about five more assistants required, and the incomes of all would be diminished: to compensate, we would propose an increased rate of payment for school-work, which would also remedy the already noticed inequality in the ratio of the two kinds of payment. This might be easily done if a portion of the money now absorbed by the fellows were set free; but, as long as the system remains unaltered, there is no chance of it.

But, further, supposing the new masters procured, where are they to be lodged? Here again the obstructiveness of the fellows meets us. Each new assistant

would require a new house with a pupil-room; and it is well known that every available house at Eton, within the narrow bounds that the authorities prescribe, is occupied. Now a large part of the land within these bounds is the property of the College. Is there any hope that they will swerve from the principles on which they have hitherto gone?—viz. not to enlarge the bounds, not to build, and not to give any facilities for building. Every one knows what a ruinous speculation house-building is, when undertaken without a large supply of experience and capital; and can sympathize with any Eton master who may have his net income considerably diminished, and his anxieties increased, by being tempted to engage in it without these qualifications.

Such work is exactly that which this wealthy unoccupied corporation is called upon to undertake; and we cannot but regret that its principles or prejudices lead it to throw this work on the shoulders of busy individuals.

Again, Sir J. Coleridge draws, with perhaps unconscious irony, the following ideal of what might take place, if the assistants had less drudgery, and more time for self-cultivation, and could hold reunions for mutual converse and counsel. "I presume," he says, "that such a movement on their part would be met in a congenial and co-operative spirit by the higher authorities; the college library should be thrown open to them—there could be no better place for their meetings—and they should be admitted into free and friendly council in whatever improvement was contemplated for school or college." We dare say that the Eton fellows ignore, as a body, the assistants, out of whom they have immediately risen. We know that they have refused, though solicited, to admit them to the college library; and that the most Utopian assistant, would not, in his wildest moments, dream of being admitted to "free and friendly council," &c.

We must now close our remarks on this part of the subject. We should

deeply regret, if what we have said should cause pain to any one, but we have thought it best to speak plainly. We believe that the actual fellows of Eton are entitled to our highest respect; which, of course, only makes our case stronger. It only shows the universality of the rule that men are sure to be injuriously influenced by being placed in unfortunate relations. Few men, suddenly transferred from a sphere of confined drudgery to 1,000*l.* a year, and nothing to do, would be likely to become useful members of society. Few men, who had grown old within a narrow circle of traditions, would avoid over-estimating their value; and few men, with these and other disabling circumstances, would be likely to make good governors to a school like Eton, which, more than any other, ought to keep pace with the advance of the age. That a Royal Commission will be called for, sooner or later, to revise the Eton constitution, we do not doubt; we only hope that it may be sooner rather than later. When it is appointed, the first thing it will have to consider will be whether the fellowships are to exist at all in their present state; and if so, whether their value, their number, the work attached to them, and the share they confer in the government of the school, are to be left unaltered.

Of course, an obvious suggestion is, that some additional definite work should be given them; but it is hard to see how this is to be done. Even the function of preaching in chapel which they at present fulfil, seems hardly adapted for them. Dr. Arnold's view—now generally acted upon—was that the head master should be also the preacher; and this plan, if occasionally sermons from assistants are admitted, is surely the best. The difficult task of influencing boy-nature through sermons can only be well performed by those who are brought into daily contact with their hearers. And as to anything else, when Sir John Coleridge suggests that the fellows should conduct the half yearly examinations, and also improve the boys' minds by lecturing on

general subjects of interest, we cannot help feeling that his mind has entirely wandered from the dull reality in pursuit of a pleasing ideal. Any attempt of this sort would, we think, only make the need of a radical change more keenly felt. When this time of change comes, every respect will be paid—it always is—to vested interests; but we hope that no inopportune reverence for obsolete forms, and the letter of the founder's will, may prevent the utmost being done to make Eton more fit for the glorious work she has undertaken—that of educating the aristocracy of England.

We have not yet spoken of the provost; and we have not indeed much to say about him. The most ruthless reformer could not have the heart to prevent the realisation of the charming picture, which Sir J. Coleridge draws of him; nor need the most conscientious one object to a single sinecure, of this kind, in the gift of the Crown, which might always be so well bestowed. One likes to think of some old diplomatist or statesman, world-worn and longing for retirement, here devoting himself to study, and to the infusion of a new and cheering element into the social life of Eton. There would always be many an old Etonian—perhaps one who, though earnest and talented, had not been thoroughly successful in the great struggle of the world—who would thankfully hail this opportunity of returning to dwell in the lovely and beloved spot, where he might quietly, and without effort, be of so much real service.¹

There is one more point deserving especial notice. It is the fact, observed with regret by several old Etonians, that the scholastic attainments of the oppidans, as compared with the collegers, have lately so markedly declined. To inquire into the causes of this, and to attempt its removal, would be among the first duties of any revising Commission.

¹ It is interesting to be told that the saddened and humbled spirit of the fallen Bacon yearned after this office. Had King James granted his request, it would have derived fresh lustre, from the most signal instance on record of fame lost in the forum and won in the closet.

The decline is to a great measure only comparative, being due to the improvement effected in the foundation by throwing it open to competitive examination; but it is also positive, we fear, to some extent. Sir J. Coleridge is disposed to attribute it vaguely to general neglect. But two definite causes can be assigned for it: first, the want of any incentive for the oppidans to work, while the collegers have their progress continually tested by successive examinations, up to the time of their leaving the school; secondly, the fact that the concentrating into one body, separate from the rest of the school, talent and application above the average, tends to injure these qualities among the rest, by forming a contrast between talent and application on the one hand, and wealth, rank, and idleness on the other; and this contrast itself, when once formed, tends perpetually to increase. With regard to the first of these causes, two remedies may be suggested: first, the foundation of exhibitions for the oppidans, to be held at school. These exhibitions must evidently be considered merely as honours and rewards of merit, and not at all as charities, or their effect will be neutralised. Next, the prizes for essays, poems, &c. may be made more operative as a stimulus to work, by giving them more publicity, and more *éclat*. A simple method of doing this would be to publish the successful compositions, as is done at the universities, and at some schools. The second cause seems to show that the reforms of the foundation, most commendable in themselves, have not produced unmingled good. It is hard to see how to remedy it thoroughly, except by doing away altogether with "college," as it now exists, i.e. by transforming it into a number of scholarships, perfectly open (so that the stigma, to which boys are peculiarly sensitive, of receiving charity, might be removed), and by destroying as much as possible the social separation that now exists between foundationers and non-foundationers. It will of course be said, that it would be wasting the funds of a charity thus to

throw them open to the rich ; but practically it is found in similar cases, that they are only even apparently wasted to a very slight extent. For, among the educated classes, the poor are so much more numerous than the rich, and work, on the whole, so much harder, that they will always carry off more than nine-tenths of the rewards of talent and application, if impartially given ; and the vast advantage accruing both to rich and poor, from this equality and universality of competition, would many times compensate the apparent waste. The parallel case of the universities naturally occurs to the mind. Every university man will feel how much it would neutralise the beneficial effect of a foundation to exclude the rich from it, and how bad a strongly marked social separation between the scholars and commoners of a college would be for both classes. The present system at Eton also fosters the too prevalent notion that the sons of the rich are really sent to school for other reasons, than to learn what the school professes to teach. We cannot imagine a more pernicious belief : especially as the attempt to keep it concealed from the boys themselves is always futile. If the parents look upon the school instruction simply as a means

of keeping the boys out of mischief, we may be sure that it will soon become, as such, quite inoperative. We are told that education is not instruction ; and no doubt the spectacle of an instructed but uneducated man—what is called a mere scholar—is most lamentable. But instruction—undertaken as a reality and not a farce—is an indispensable element in every education : a truism which fathers who are men of the world, and even the muscular and social among the educators themselves, are sometimes in danger of forgetting. We have heard Eton praised for the democratic spirit that exists among the boys. The praise is perfectly just in a certain sense : but the prevailing tone in Eton, as in other public schools, may be better described as that of a broad-bottomed oligarchy—an oligarchy, of course, paying no respect to the ranks, as such, of the outer world. Whether this oligarchy is based upon right principles or not, is a question of the deepest importance for the school. Let us trust that it may always be so at Eton, and that there physical strength, gymnastic skill, and social talents, may ever yield in influence to real intellectual pre-eminence and deep earnestness of character.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MARY IN MAYFAIR.

ON the night which our hero spent by the side of the river, with the results detailed in the last chapter, there was a great ball in Brook Street, Mayfair. It was the height of the season ; and, of course, balls, concerts, and parties of all kinds were going on in all parts of the Great Babylon, but the entertainment in question was *the event* of that evening. Persons behind the scenes would have

told you at once, had you happened to meet them, and enquire on the subject during the previous ten days, that Brook Street was the place in which everybody who went anywhere ought to spend some hours between eleven and three on this particular evening. If you did not happen to be going there, you had better stay quietly at your club, or elsewhere, and not speak of your engagements for that night.

A great awning had sprung up in the course of the day over the pavement in front of the door, and as

the evening closed in, tired lawyers and merchants, on their return from the City, and the riders and drivers on their way home from the park, might have seen Holland's men laying red druggot over the pavement, and Gunter's carts coming and going, and the police "moving on" the street boys and servant-maids, and other curious members of the masses, who paused to stare at the preparations.

Then came the lighting up of the rooms, and the blaze of pure white light from the uncurtained ball-room windows spread into the street, and the musicians passed in with their instruments. Then, after a short pause, the carriages of a few intimate friends, who came early at the hostess's express desire, began to drive up, and the Hansom cabs of the contemporaries of the eldest son, from which issued guardsmen and Foreign-office men, and other dancing-youth of the most approved description. Then the crowd collected again round the door—a sadder crowd now to the eye of any one who has time to look at it; with sallow, haggard-looking men here and there on the skirts of it, and tawdry women joking and pushing to the front, through the powdered footmen, and linkmen in red waistcoats, already clamorous and redolent of gin and beer, and scarcely kept back by the half-dozen constables of the A division, told off for the special duty of attending and keeping order on so important an occasion.

Then comes a rush of carriages, and by eleven o'clock the line stretches away half round Grosvenor Square, and moves at a foot's pace towards the lights, and the music, and the shouting street. In the middle of the line is the comfortable chariot of our friend, Mr. Porter—the corners occupied by himself and his wife, while Miss Mary sits well forward between them, her white muslin dress looped up with sprigs of heather spread delicately on either side over their knees, and herself in a pleasant tremor of impatience and excitement.

"How very slow Robert is to-day, mamma! we shall never get to the house."

"He cannot get on faster, my dear. The carriages in front of us must set down, you know."

"But I wish they would be quicker. I wonder whether we shall know many people? Do you think I shall get partners?"

Not waiting for her mother's reply, she went on to name some of her acquaintance, whom she knew would be there, and bewailing the hard fate which was keeping her out of the first dances. Mary's excitement and impatience were natural enough. The ball was not like most balls. It was a great battle in the midst of the skirmishes of the season, and she felt the greatness of the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter had for years past dropped into a quiet sort of dinner-giving life, in which they saw few but their own friends and contemporaries. They generally left London before the season was at its height, and had altogether fallen out of the ball-giving and party-going world. Mary's coming out had changed their way of life. For her sake they had spent the winter at Rome, and, now that they were at home again, were picking up the threads of old acquaintance, and encountering the disagreeables of a return into habits long disused and almost forgotten. The giver of the ball was a stirring man in political life, rich, clever, well connected, and much sought after. He was an old schoolfellow of Mr. Porter's, and their intimacy had never been wholly laid aside, notwithstanding the severance of their paths in life. Now that Mary must be taken out, the Brook Street house was one of the first to which the Porters turned, and the invitation to this ball was one of the first consequences.

If the truth must be told, neither her father or mother were in sympathy with Mary as they gradually neared the place of setting down, and would far rather have been going to a much less imposing place, where they could have driven up at once to the door, and would not have been made uncomfortable by the shoutings of their names from servant to

servant. However, after the first plunge, when they had made their bows to their kind and smiling hostess, and had passed on into the already well-filled rooms, their shyness began to wear off, and they could in some sort enjoy the beauty of the sight from a quiet corner. They were not long troubled with Miss Mary. She had not been in the ball-room two minutes before the eldest son of the house had found her out and engaged her for the next waltz. They had met several times already, and were on the best terms; and the freshness and brightness of her look and manner, and the evident enjoyment of her partner, as they laughed and talked together in the intervals of the dance, soon attracted the attention of other young men, who began to ask one another, "Who is Norman dancing with?" and to ejaculate with various strength, according to their several temperaments, as to her face, and figure, and dress.

As they were returning towards Mrs. Porter, Norman was pulled by the sleeve more than once, and begged to be allowed to introduce first one and then another of his friends.

Mary gave herself up to the fascination of the scene. She had never been in rooms so perfectly lighted, with such a floor, such exquisite music, and so many pretty and well-bred looking people, and she gave herself up to enjoy it with all her heart and soul, and danced and laughed and talked herself into the good graces of partner after partner, till she began to attract the notice of some of the ill-natured people who are to be found in every room, and who cannot pardon the pure, and buoyant, and unsuspecting mirth which carries away all but themselves in its bright stream. So Mary passed on from one partner to another, with whom we have no concern, until at last a young lieutenant in the guards, who had just finished his second dance with her, led up a friend whom he begged to introduce. "Miss Porter—Mr. St. Cloud;" and then, after the usual preliminaries, Mary left her mother's side again and stood up by the side of her new partner.

"It is your first season I believe, Miss Porter?"

"Yes, my first in London."

"I thought so; and you have only just come to town?"

"We came back from Rome six weeks ago, and have been in town ever since."

"But I am sure I have not seen you anywhere this season until to-night. You have not been out much yet?"

"Yes, indeed; papa and mamma are very good natured, and go wherever we are asked to a ball, as I am fond of dancing."

"How very odd! and yet I am quite sure I should have remembered it if we had met before in town this year."

"Is it so very odd?" asked Mary, laughing: "London is a very large place. It seems very natural that two people should be able to live in it for a long time without meeting."

"Indeed, you are quite mistaken. You will find out very soon how small London is—at least, how small society is; and you will get to know every face quite well—I mean the face of every one in society."

"You must have a wonderful memory?"

"Yes, I have a good memory for faces, and, by the way, I am sure I have seen you before; but not in town, and I cannot remember where. But it is not at all necessary to have a memory to know everybody in society by sight; you meet every night almost; and altogether there are only two or three hundred faces to remember. And then there is something in the look of people, and the way they come into a room or stand about, which tells you at once whether they are amongst those whom you need trouble yourself about."

"Well, I cannot understand it. I seem to be in a whirl of faces, and can hardly ever remember any of them."

"You will soon get used to it. By the end of the season you will see that I am right. And you ought to make a study of it, or you will never feel at home in London."

"I must make good use of my time

then. I suppose I ought to know everybody here, for instance?"

"Almost everybody."

"And I really do not know the names of a dozen people."

"Will you let me give you a lesson?"

"Oh, yes; I shall be much obliged."

"Then let us stand here, and we will take them as they pass to the supper-room."

So they stood near the door-way of the ball-room, and he ran on, exchanging constant nods and remarks with the passers-by, as the stream flowed to and from the ices and cup, and then rattling on to his partner with the names and short sketches of the characters and peculiarities of his large acquaintance. Mary was very much amused, and had no time to notice the ill nature of most of his remarks; and he had the wit to keep within what he considered the most innocent bounds.

"There, you know him of course," he said, as an elderly soldier-like looking man with a star, passed them.

"Yes; at least, I mean I know him by sight. I saw him at the Commemoration at Oxford last year. They gave him an honorary degree on his return from India."

"At Oxford! Were you at the Grand Commemoration then?"

"Yes. The Commemoration Ball was the first public ball I was ever at."

"Ah! that explains it all. I must have seen you there. I told you we had met before. I was perfectly sure of it."

"What! were you there, then?"

"Yes. I had the honour of being present at your first ball, you see."

"But how curious that you should remember me!"

"Do you really think so? Surely there are some faces which, once seen, one can never forget."

"I am so glad that you know dear Oxford."

"I know it too well, perhaps, to share your enthusiasm."

"How do you mean?"

"I spent nearly three years there."

"What, were you at Oxford last year?"

"Yes; I left before Commemoration: but I went up for the gaieties, and I am glad of it, as I shall have one pleasant memory of the place now."

"Oh, I wonder you don't love it! But what college were you of?"

"Why, you talk like a graduate. I was of St. Ambrose."

"St. Ambrose! That is my college!"

"Indeed! I wish we had been in residence at the same time."

"I mean that we almost lived there at the Commemoration."

"Have you any relation there, then?"

"No, not a relation, only a distant connexion."

"May I ask his name?"

"Brown. Did you know him?"

"Yes. We were not in the same set. He was a boating man, I think!"

She felt that he was watching her narrowly now, and had great difficulty in keeping herself reasonably composed. As it was she could not help showing a little that she felt embarrassed, and looked down; and changed colours slightly, busying herself with her bouquet. She longed to continue the conversation, but somehow the manner of her partner kept her from doing so. She resolved to recur to the subject carelessly, if they met again, when she knew him better. The fact of his having been at St. Ambrose made her wish to know him better, and gave him a good start in her favour. But for the moment she felt that she must change the subject; so, looking up, she fixed on the first people who happened to be passing, and asked who they were.

"Oh, nobody. Constituents, probably, or something of that sort."

"I don't understand."

"Why, you see, we are in a political house to-night. So you may set down the people whom nobody knows, as troublesome ten-pounders, or that kind of thing, who would be disagreeable at the next election, if they were not asked."

"Then you do not include them in society?"

"By no manner of means."

"And I need not take the trouble to remember their faces?"

"Of course not. There is a sediment of rubbish at almost every house. At the parties here it is political rubbish. To-morrow night, at Lady Aubrey's—you will be there, I hope!"

"No, I think not."

"I am sorry for that. Well, there we shall have the scientific rubbish; and at other houses you see queer artists, and writing people. In fact, it is the rarest thing in the world to get a party where there is nothing of the kind, and, after all, it is rather amusing to watch the habits of the different species."

"Well, to me the rubbish, as you call it, seems much like the rest. I am sure those people were ladies and gentlemen."

"Very likely," he said, lifting his eyebrows; "but you may see at a glance that they have not the air of society. Here again, look yourself. You can see that these are constituents."

To the horror of St. Cloud, the advancing constituents made straight for his partner.

"Mary, my dear!" exclaimed the lady, "where have you been? We have lost you ever since the last dance."

"I have been standing here, mamma," she said; and then, slipping from her late partner's arm, she made a demure little bow, and passed into the ball-room with her father and mother.

St. Cloud bit his lip, and swore at himself, under his breath, as he looked after them. "What an infernal idiot I must have been not to know that her people would be sure to turn out something of that sort!" thought he. "By Jove, I'll go after them, and set myself right, before the little minx has time to think it over!" He took a step or two towards the ball-room, but then thought better of it, or his courage failed him. At any rate, he turned round again, and sought the refreshment-room, where he joined a knot of young gentlemen indulging in delicate little raised pies and salads, and liberal potations of iced claret or champagne cup. Amongst them was the guardsman, who had introduced

him to Mary, and who received him, as he came up, with—

"Well, St. Cloud, I hope you're alive to your obligations to me."

"For shunting your late partner on to me? Yes, quite."

"You be hanged!" replied the guardsman; "you may pretend what you please now, but you wouldn't let me alone till I had introduced you."

"Are you talking about the girl in white muslin with fern leaves in her hair?" asked another.

"Yes; what do you think of her?"

"Devilish taking, I think. I say, can't you introduce me? They say she has tin."

"I can't say I think much of her looks," said St. Cloud, acting up to his principle of telling a lie sooner than let his real thoughts be seen.

"Don't you?" said the guardsman.

"Well, I like her form better than anything out this year. Such a clean stepper! You should just dance with her."

And so they went on, criticizing Mary and others of their partners, exactly as they would have a stud of racers, till they found themselves sufficiently refreshed to encounter new labours, and broke up, returning in twos and threes towards the ball-room.

St. Cloud attached himself to the guardsman, and returned to the charge.

"You seem hit by that girl," he began.

"Have you known her long?"

"About a week—I met her once before to-night."

"Do you know her people? Who is her father?"

"A plain-headed old party—you wouldn't think it to look at her—but I hear he is very solvent."

"Any sons?"

"Don't know. I like your talking of my being hit, St. Cloud. There she is; I shall go and try for another waltz."

The guardsman was successful, and carried off Mary from her father and mother, who were standing together watching the dancing. St. Cloud, after looking them well over, sought out the hostess, and begged to be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Porter, gleaning, at the

same time, some particulars of who they were. The introduction was effected in a minute, the lady of the house being glad to get any one to talk to the Porters, who were almost strangers amongst her other guests. She managed, before leaving them, to whisper to Mrs. Porter that he was a young man of excellent connexions.

St. Cloud made the most of his time. He exerted himself to the utmost to please, and, being fluent of speech, and thoroughly satisfied with himself, had no shyness or awkwardness to get over, and jumped at once into the good graces of Mary's parents. When she returned after the waltz, she found him, to her no small astonishment, deep in conversation with her mother, who was listening with a pleased expression to his small talk. He pretended not to see her at first, and then begged Mrs. Porter to introduce him formally to her daughter, though he had already had the honour of dancing with her.

Mary put on her shortest and coldest manner, and thought she had never heard of such impertinence. That he should be there talking so familiarly to her mother after the slip he had made to her was almost too much even for her temper. But she went off for another dance, and again returned and found him still there; this time entertaining Mr. Porter with political gossip. The unfavourable impression began to wear off, and she soon resolved not to make up her mind about him without some further knowledge.

In due course he asked her to dance again, and they stood up in a quadrille. She stood by him looking straight before her, and perfectly silent, wondering how he would open the conversation. He did not leave her long in suspense.

"What charming people your father and mother are, Miss Porter!" he said; "I am so glad to have been introduced to them."

"Indeed! You are very kind. We ought to be flattered by your study of us, and I am sure I hope you will find it amusing."

St. Cloud was a little embarrassed by

the rejoinder, and was not sorry at the moment to find himself called upon to perform the second figure. By the time he was at her side again he had recovered himself.

"You can't understand what a pleasure it is to meet some one with a little freshness"—he paused to think how he should end his sentence.

"Who has not the air of society," she suggested. "Yes, I quite understand."

"Indeed, you quite mistake me. Surely, you have not taken seriously the nonsense I was talking just now!"

"I am a constituent, you know—I don't understand how to take the talk of society."

"Oh, I see, then, that you are angry at my joke, and will not believe that I knew your father perfectly by sight. You really cannot seriously fancy that I was alluding to any one connected with you;" and then he proceeded to retail the particulars he had picked up from the lady of the house, as if they had been familiar to him for years, and to launch out again into praises of her father and mother. Mary looked straight up in his face, and, though he did not meet her eye, his manner was so composed, that she began to doubt her own senses, and then he suddenly changed the subject to Oxford and the Commemoration, and by the end of the set could flatter himself that he had quite dispelled the cloud which had looked so threatening.

Mary had a great success that evening. She danced every dance, and might have had two or three partners at once, if they would have been of any use to her. When, at last, Mr. Porter insisted that he would keep his horses no longer, St. Cloud and the guardsman accompanied her to the door, and were assiduous in the cloak-room. Young men are pretty much like a drove of sheep; any one who takes a decided line on certain matters, is sure to lead all the rest. The guardsman left the ball in the firm belief, as he himself expressed it, that Mary "had done his business for life;" and, being quite above concealment, persisted in singing her praises over his

cigar at the club, to which many of the dancers adjourned; and from that night she became the fashion with the set in which St. Cloud lived. The more enterprising of them, he amongst the foremost, were soon intimate in Mr. Porter's house, and spoke well of his dinners. Mr. Porter changed his hour of riding in the park at their suggestion, and now he and his daughter were always sure of companions. Invitations multiplied, for Mary's success was so decided, that she floated her astonished parents into a whirl of balls and breakfasts. Mr. Porter and his wife were flattered themselves, and pleased to see their daughter admired and enjoying herself; and in the next six weeks Mary had the opportunity of getting all the good and the bad which a girl of eighteen can extract from a London season.

The test was a severe one. Two months of constant excitement, of pleasure-seeking pure and simple, will not leave people just as they found them; and Mary's habits, and thoughts, and ways of looking at and judging of people and things, were much changed by the time that the gay world melted away from Mayfair and Belgravia, and it was time for all respectable people to pull down the blinds and shut the shutters of their town houses.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHAT CAME OF THE NIGHT-WATCH.

THE last knot of the dancers came out of the club, and were strolling up St. James's Street, and stopping to chaff the itinerant coffee vendor, who was preparing his stand at the corner of Piccadilly for his early customers, just about the time that Tom was beginning to rouse himself under the alder tree, and stretch his stiffened limbs, and sniff the morning air. By the time the guardsman had let himself into his lodgings in Mount Street, our hero had undergone his unlooked-for bath, and was sitting in a state of utter bewilderment as to

what was next to be said or done, dripping and disconcerted, opposite to the equally dripping, and, to all appearance, equally disconcerted, poacher.

At first he did not look higher than his antagonist's boots and gaiters, and spent a few seconds by the way in considering whether the arrangement of nails on the bottom of Harry's boots was better than his own. He settled that it must be better for wading on slippery stones, and that he would adopt it, and then passed on to wonder whether Harry's boots were as full of water as his own, and whether corduroys, wet through, must not be very uncomfortable so early in the morning, and congratulated himself on being in flannels.

And so he hung back for second after second, playing with any absurd little thought that would come into his head and give him ever so brief a respite from the effort of facing the situation, and hoping that Harry might do or say something to open the ball. This did not happen. He felt that the longer he waited the harder it would be. He must begin himself. So he raised his head gently, and took a sidelong look at Harry's face, to see whether he could not get some hint for starting, from it. But scarcely had he brought his eyes to bear, when they met Harry's, peering dolefully up from under his eyebrows, on which the water was standing unwiped, while a piece of green weed, which he did not seem to have presence of mind enough to remove, trailed over his dripping locks. There was something in the sight which tickled Tom's sense of humour. He had been prepared for sullen black looks and fierce words; instead of which he was irresistibly reminded of schoolboys caught by their master using a crib, or in other like flagrant delict.

Harry lowered his eyes at once, but lifted them the next moment with a look of surprise, as he heard Tom burst into a hearty fit of laughter. After a short struggle to keep serious, he joined in it himself.

"By Jove, though, Harry, it's no laughing matter," Tom said at last, get-

ting on to his legs, and giving himself a shake.

Harry only replied by looking most doleful again, and picking the weed out of his hair, as he, too, got up.

"What in the world's to be done?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Master Tom."

"I'm very much surprised to find you at this work, Harry."

"I'm sure, so be I, to find you, Master Tom."

Tom was not prepared for this line of rejoinder. It seemed to be made with perfect innocence, and yet it put him in a corner at once. He did not care to inquire into the reason of Harry's surprise, or to what work he alluded; so he went off on another tack.

"Let us walk up and down a bit to dry ourselves. Now, Harry, you'll speak to me openly, man to man, as an old friend should—won't you?"

"Ay, Master Tom, and glad to do it."

"How long have you taken to poaching?"

"Since last Michaelmas, when they turned me out o' our cottage, and tuk away my bit o' land, and did all as they could to break me down."

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, Squire Wurley as was then—not this one, but the last—and his lawyer, and Farmer Tester."

"Then it was through spite to them that you took to it?"

"Nay, 'twarn't altogether spite, tho' I won't say but what I might ha' thought o' bein' upsides w' them."

"What was it then besides spite?"

"Want o' work. I haven't had no more 'n a matter o' six weeks' reg'lar work ever since last fall."

"How's that? Have you tried for it?"

"Well, Master Tom, I won't tell a lie about it. I don't see as I wur bound to go round w' my cap in my hand a beggin' for a day's work to the likes o' them. They knowed well enough as I wur there, ready and willing to work, and they knowed as I wur able to do as good a day's work as e'er a man in the parish;

and ther's been plenty o' work goin', but they thought as I should starve, and have to come and beg for't from one or to'ther on 'em. They would ha' liked to ha' seen me clean broke down, that's wut they would, and in the house," and he paused as if his thoughts were getting a little unmanageable.

"But you might have gone to look for work elsewhere."

"I can't see as I had any call to leave the place where I wur bred up, Master Tom. That wur just wut they wanted. Why should I let 'em drive m'out?"

"Well, Harry, I'm not going to blame you. I only want to know more about what has been happening to you, that I may be able to advise and help you. Did you ever try for work, or go and tell your story, at the rectory?"

"Try for work there! No, I never went arter work there."

Tom went on without noticing the change in Harry's tone and manner—

"Then I think you ought to have gone. I know my cousin, Miss Winter, is so anxious to help any man out of work, and particularly you; for—" The whole story of Patty flashed into his mind, and made him stop short, and stammer, and look anywhere except at Harry. How he could have forgotten it for a moment in that company was the wonder. All his questioning and patronizing powers went out of him, and he felt that their positions were changed, and that he was the culprit. It was clear that Harry knew nothing yet of his own relations with Patty. Did he even suspect them? It must all come out now at any rate, for both their sakes, however it might end. So he turned again, and met Harry's eye, which was now cold and keen, and suspicious.

"You knows all about it, then?"

"Yes; I know that you have been attached to Simon's daughter for a long time, and that he is against it. I wish I could help you with all my heart. In fact, I did feel my way towards speaking to him about it last year, when I was in hopes of getting you the gardener's place there. But I could see that I should do no good."

"I've heard say as you was acquainted with her, when she was away?"

"Yes, I was, when she was with her aunt in Oxford. What then?"

"'Twas there as she larnt her bad ways."

"Bad ways! What do you mean?"

"I means as she larnt to dress fine, and to gee herself airs to them as she'd known from a child, and as'd ha' gone through fire to please her."

"I never saw anything of the kind in her. She was a pleasant, lively girl, and dressed neatly, but never above her station. And I'm sure she has too good a heart to hurt an old friend."

"Wut made her keep shut up in the house when she cum back? ah, for weeks and weeks;—and arter that, wut made her so flighty and fickle? carryin' of herself as proud as a lady, a mincin' and a trapesin' along, wi' all the young farmers a follerin' her, like a fine gentleman's miss."

"Come, Harry, I won't listen to that. You don't believe what you're saying, you know her better."

"You knows her well enough by all seeming."

"I know her too well to believe any harm of her."

"What call have you and the likes o' you wi' her? 'Tis no good comes o' such company keepin'."

"I tell you again, no harm has come of it to her."

"Whose hair does she carry about then in that gold thing as she hangs round her neck?"

Tom blushed scarlet, and lowered his eyes without answering.

"Dost know? 'Tis thine, by —." The words came hissing out between his set teeth. Tom put his hands behind him, expecting to be struck, as he lifted his eyes, and said,—

"Yes, it is mine; and, I tell you again, no harm has come of it."

"'Tis a lie. I knowed how 'twas, and 'tis thou hast done it."

Tom's blood tingled in his veins, and wild words rushed to his tongue, as he stood opposite the man who had just given him the lie, and who waited his

reply with clenched hands, and labouring breast, and fierce eye. But the discipline of the last year stood him in good stead. He stood for a moment or two crushing his hands together behind his back, drew a long breath, and answered,—

"Will you believe my oath then? I stood by your side at your mother's grave. A man who did that won't lie to you, Harry. I swear to you there's no wrong between me and her. There never was fault on her side. I sought her. She never cared for me, she doesn't care for me. As for that locket, I forced it on her. I own I have wronged her, and wronged you. I have repented it bitterly. I ask your forgiveness, Harry; for the sake of old times, for the sake of your mother!" He spoke from the heart, and saw that his words went home. "Come, Harry," he went on, "you won't turn from an old play-fellow, who owns the wrong he has done, and will do all he can to make up for it. You'll shake hands, and say you forgive me."

Tom paused, and held out his hand.

The poacher's face worked violently for a moment or two, and he seemed to struggle once or twice to get his hand out in vain. At last he struck it suddenly into Tom's, turning his head away at the same time. "'Tis what mother would ha' done," he said, "thou cassn't say more. There 'tis then, though I never thought to do't."

The curious and unexpected explanation brought thus to a happy issue, put Tom into high spirits, and at once roused the castle-building power within him which was always ready enough to wake up.

His first care was to persuade Harry that he had better give up poaching, and in this he had much less difficulty than he expected. Harry owned himself sick of the life he was leading already. He admitted that some of the men with whom he had been associating more or less for the last year were the greatest blackguards in the neighbourhood. He asked nothing better than to get out of it. But how?

This was all Tom wanted. He would see to that ; nothing could be easier.

"I shall go with you back to Englebourne this morning. I'll just leave a note for Wurley to say that I'll be back some time in the day to explain matters to him, and then we will be off at once. We shall be at the rectory by breakfast time. Ah, I forgot;—well, you can stop at David's while I go and speak to my uncle and to Miss Winter."

Harry didn't seem to see what would be the good of this; and David, he said, was not so friendly to him as he had been.

"Then you must wait at the Red Lion. Don't see the good of it! Why, of course, the good of it is that you must be set right with the Englebourne people—that's the first thing to do. I shall explain how the case stands to my uncle, and I know I can get him to let you have your land again if you stay in the parish, even if he can't give you work himself. But what he must do is, to take you up, to show people that he is your friend, Harry. Well then, if you can get good work—mind it must be real, good, regular work—at farmer Grove's, or one of the best farmers, stop here by all means, and I will take myself the first cottage which falls vacant and let you have it, and meantime you must lodge with old David. Oh, I'll go and talk him round, never fear. But if you can't get regular work here, why you go off with flying colours; no sneaking off under a cloud and leaving no address. You'll go off with me, as my servant, if you like. But just as you please about that. At any rate, you'll go with me, and I'll take care that it shall be known that I consider you as an old friend. My father has always got plenty of work and will take you on. And then, Harry, after a bit you may be sure all will go right, and I shall be your best man, and dance at your wedding before a year's out."

There is something in this kind of thing which is contagious and irresistible. Tom thoroughly believed all that he was saying; and faith, even of such a poor kind as believing in one's own

castles, has its reward. Common sense in vain suggested to Harry that all the clouds which had been gathering round him for a year were not likely to melt away in a morning. Prudence suggested that the sooner he got away the better; which suggestion, indeed, he handed on for what it was worth. But Tom treated prudence with sublime contempt. They would go together, he said, as soon as any one was up at the house, just to let him in to change his things and write a note. Harry needn't fear any unpleasant consequences. Wurley wasn't an ill-natured fellow at bottom, and wouldn't mind a few fish. Talking of fish, where was the one he had heard kicking just now as Harry hauled in the line. They went to the place, and, looking in the long grass, soon found the dead trout, still on the night line, of which the other end remained in the water. Tom seized hold of it, and, pulling it carefully in, landed another fine trout, while Harry stood by, looking rather sheepish. Tom inspected the method of the lines, which was simple but awfully destructive. The line was long enough to reach across the stream. At one end was a heavy stone, at the other a short stake cut sharp, and driven into the bank well under the water. At intervals of four feet along the line short pieces of fine gimp were fastened, ending in hooks baited alternately with lobworms and gudgeon. Tom complimented his companion on the killing nature of his cross-line.

"Where are your other lines, Harry?" he asked; "we may as well go and take them up."

"A bit higher up stream, Master Tom;" and so they walked up stream and took up the other lines.

"They'll have the finest dish of fish they've seen this long time at the house to-day," said Tom, as each line came out with two or three fine thick-shouldered fish on it; "I'll tell you what, Harry, they're deuced well set, these lines of yours, and do you credit. They do; I'm not complimenting you."

"I should rather like to be off, Master Tom, if you don't object. The mornin's

gettin' on, and the men'll be about. 'Twould be unkind for I to be caught."

"Well, Harry, if you're so set on it off with you, but"—

"'Tis too late now; here's keeper."

Tom turned sharp round, and, sure enough, there was the keeper coming down the bank towards them, and not a couple of hundred yards off.

"So it is," said Tom; "well, only hold your tongue, and do just what I tell you."

The keeper came up quickly, and, touching his hat to Tom, looked enquiringly at him, and then at Harry. Tom nodded to him, as if everything were just as it should be. He was taking a two-pound fish off the last line; having finished which feat, he threw it on the ground by the rest. "There, keeper," he said, "there's a fine dish of fish. Now, pick 'em up and come along."

Never was keeper more puzzled. He looked from one to the other, lifting the little short hat from the back of his head, and scratching that somewhat thick skull of his, as his habit was when engaged in what he called thinking, conscious that somebody ought to be tackled, and that he, the keeper, was being mystified, but quite at sea as to how he was to set himself straight.

"Wet, bain't 'ee, sir?" he said at last, nodding at Tom's clothes.

"Dampish, keeper," answered Tom; "I may as well go and change, the servants will be up at the house by this time. Pick up the fish and come along. You do up the lines, Harry."

The keeper and Harry performed their tasks, looking at one another out of the corners of their eyes, like the terriers of rival butchers when the carts happen to stop suddenly in the street close to one another. Tom watched them, mischievously delighted with the fun, and then led the way up to the house. When they came to the stable-yard he turned to Harry, and said, "Stop here; I shan't be ten minutes;" adding, in an under tone, "Hold your tongue now;" and then vanished through the back door, and, hurrying up to his room, changed as quickly as he could.

He was within the ten minutes, but, as he descended the back stairs in his dry things, became aware that his stay had been too long. Noise and laughter came up from the stable-yard, and shouts of "Go it keeper," "Keeper's down," "No, he bain't," greeted his astonished ears. He sprang down the last steps and rushed into the stable-yard, where he found Harry at his second wrestling match for the day, while two or three stablemen, and a footman, and the gardener, looked on and cheered the combatants with the remarks he had heard on his way down.

Tom made straight to them, and, tapping Harry on the shoulder, said—

"Now then, come along, I'm ready."

Whereupon the keeper and Harry disengaged, and the latter picked up his cap.

"You bain't goin', sir?" said the keeper.

"Yes, keeper."

"Not along wi' he?"

"Yes, keeper."

"What, bain't I to take un?"

"Take him! No, what for?"

"For night poachin', look at all them fish," said the keeper indignantly, pointing to the shining heap.

"No, no, keeper, you've nothing to do with it. You may give him the lines though, Harry. I've left a note for your master on my dressing-table," Tom said, turning to the footman, "let him have it at breakfast. I'm responsible for him," nodding at Harry. "I shall be back in a few hours, and now come along."

And, to the keeper's astonishment, Tom left the stable-yard, accompanied by Harry.

They were scarcely out of hearing before the stable-yard broke out into uproarious laughter at the keeper's expense, and much rude banter was inflicted on him for letting the poacher go. But the keeper's mind for the moment was full of other things. Disregarding their remarks, he went on scratching his head, and burst out at last with,

"Dang un; I knows I should ha' drowed un."

"Drow your grandmother," politely remarked one of the stablemen, an acquaintance of Harry Winburn, who knew his reputation as a wrestler.

"I should, I tell 'ee," said the keeper as he stooped to gather up the fish, "and to think as he should ha' gone off. Master 'll be like any wild beast when he hears on't. Hows'mever, 'tis Mr. Brown's doin's. 'Tis a queer start for a gen'l'man like he to be goin' off wi' a poacher chap, and callin' of un Harry. 'Tis past me altogether. But I s'pose he bain't right in 's 'ead;" and, so soliloquizing, he carried off the fish to the kitchen.

Meantime, on their walk to Engle-bourn, Harry, in answer to Tom's inquiries, explained that in his absence the stable-man, his acquaintance, had come up and begun to talk. The keeper had joined in and accused him point blank of being the man who had thrown him into the furze bush. The story of the keeper's discomfiture on that occasion being well known, a laugh had been raised in which Harry had joined. This brought on a challenge to try a fall then and there, which Harry had accepted, notwithstanding his long morning's work and the ducking he had had. They laughed over the story, though Harry could not help expressing his fears as to how it might all end. They reached Engle-bourn in time for breakfast. Tom appeared at the rectory, and soon he and Katie were on their old terms. She was delighted to find that he had had an explanation with Harry Winburn, and that there was some chance of bringing that sturdy offender once more back into decent ways;—more delighted perhaps to hear the way in which he spoke of Patty, to whom after breakfast she paid a visit, and returned in due time with the unfortunate locket.

Tom felt as if another coil of the chain he had tied about himself had fallen off. He went out into the village, consulted again with Harry, and returned to the rectory to consider what steps were to be taken to get him work. Katie entered into the matter heartily, though foreseeing the difficulties of the

case. At luncheon the rector was to be sounded on the subject of the allotments. But in the middle of their plans they were startled by the news that a magistrate's warrant had arrived in the village for the arrest of Harry as a night poacher.

Tom returned to the Grange furious, and before night had had a worse quarrel with young Wurley than with his uncle before him. Had duelling been in fashion still in England they would probably have fought in a quiet corner of the park before night. As it was they only said bitter things, and parted, agreeing not to know one another in future.

Three days afterwards, at petty sessions, where Tom brought upon himself the severe censure of the bench for his conduct on the trial, Harry Winburn was committed to Reading gaol for three months.

Readers who will take the trouble to remember the picture of our hero's mental growth during the past year, attempted to be given in a late chapter, and the state of restless dissatisfaction into which his experiences and thoughts and readings had thrown him by the time long vacation had come round again, will perhaps be prepared for the catastrophe which ensued on the conviction and sentence of Harry Winburn at petty sessions.

Hitherto, notwithstanding the strength of the new and revolutionary forces which were mustering round it, there had always been a citadel holding out in his mind, garrisoned by all that was best in the toryism in which he had been brought up—by loyalty, reverence for established order and established institutions; by family traditions, and the pride of an inherited good name. But now the walls of that citadel went down with a crash, the garrison being put to the sword, or making a way to hide in out of the way corners, and wait for a reaction.

It was much easier for a youngster, whose attention was once turned to such subjects as had been occupying Tom, to get hold of wild and violent beliefs and

notions in those days than now. The state of Europe generally was far more dead and hopeless. There were no wars, certainly, and no expectations of wars. But there was a dull, beaten-down, pent-up feeling abroad, as if the lid were screwed down on the nations, and the thing which had been, however cruel and heavy and mean, was that which was to remain to the end. England was better off than her neighbours, but yet in bad case. In the south and west particularly, several causes had combined to spread a very bitter feeling abroad amongst the agricultural poor. First amongst these stood the new poor law, the provisions of which were rigorously carried out in most districts. The poor had as yet felt the harshness only of the new system. Then the land was in many places in the hands of men on their last legs, the old sporting farmers, who had begun business as young men while the great war was going on, had made money hand over hand for a few years out of the war prices, and had tried to go on living with greyhounds and yeomanry uniforms—horse to ride and weapon to wear—through the hard years which had followed. These were bad masters in every way, unthrifty, profligate, needy, and narrow-minded. The younger men who were supplanting them were introducing machinery, threshing machines and winnowing machines, to take the little bread which a poor man was still able to earn out of the mouths of his wife and children—so at least the poor thought and muttered to one another; and the mutterings broke out every now and then in the long nights of the winter months in blazing ricks and broken machines. Game preserving was on the increase. Australia and America had not yet become familiar words in every English village, and the labour market was everywhere overstocked; and last, but not least, the corn laws were still in force, and the bitter and exasperating strife in which they went out was at its height. And while Swing and his myrmidons were abroad in the counties, and could scarcely be kept down by yeo-

manry and poor law guardians, the great towns were in almost worst case. Here too emigration had not yet set in to thin the labour market; wages were falling, and prices rising; the corn law struggle was better understood and far keener than in the country; and Chartism was gaining force every day, and rising into a huge threatening giant, waiting to put forth his strength, and eager for the occasion which seemed at hand.

You generation of young Englishmen, who were too young then to be troubled with such matters, and have grown into manhood since, you little know—may you never know!—what it is to be living the citizens of a divided and distracted nation. For the time that danger is past. In a happy hour, and so far as man can judge, in time, and only just in time, came the repeal of the corn laws, and the great cause of strife and the sense of injustice passed away out of men's minds. The nation was roused by the Irish famine, and the fearful distress in other parts of the country, to begin looking steadily and seriously at some of the sores which were festering in its body, and undermining health and life. And so the tide had turned, and England had already passed the critical point, when 1848 came upon Christendom, and the whole of Europe leapt up into a wild blaze of revolution.

Is any one still inclined to make light of the danger that threatened England in that year, to sneer at the 10th of April, and the monster petition, and the monster meetings on Kennington and other commons? Well, if there be such persons amongst my readers, I can only say that they can have known nothing of what was going on around them and below them, at that time, and I earnestly hope that their vision has become clearer since then, and that they are not looking with the same eyes that see nothing, at the signs of to-day. For that there are questions still to be solved by us in England, in this current half-century, quite as likely to tear the nation in pieces as the corn laws, no man with half an eye in his head can

doubt. They may seem little clouds like a man's hand on the horizon just now, but they will darken the whole heaven before long unless we can find wisdom enough amongst us to take the little clouds in hand in time, and make them descend in soft rain.

But such matters need not be spoken of here. All I want to do is to put my younger readers in a position to understand how it was that our hero fell away

into beliefs and notions, at which Mrs. Grundy and all decent people could only lift up eyes and hands in pious and respectable horror, and became, soon after the incarceration of his friend for night poaching, little better than a physical force Chartist at the age of twenty-one. In which unhappy condition we shall now have to take a look or two at him in future numbers.

To be continued.

TRADE SOCIETIES AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.¹

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

PART FIRST.

I SUPPOSE there is no subject on which it is so easy to find equally sincere and able men holding diametrically opposite opinions,—none on which it is so easy for the same men sincerely to pass from one extreme of opinion to the other,—as that of trade societies. No doubt opinion runs on such a subject in great measure according to class, and varies according to position. The workman is in favour of trade societies, the employer is adverse to them; the strong trades-unionist who merges into the rank of an employer—witness Lovejoy the bookbinder in Mr. Dunning's interesting account of the Bookbinder's Trade Society (*Report*, p. 83.)—often becomes in turn the strongest of anti-unionists; and probably, if the passage from the position of employer to that of journeyman were not as rare as the inverse transformation is frequent, the anti-unionist employer of to-day would, if reduced to weekly wages, deem many an argument on behalf of trade societies weighty which he now holds worthless. But class interests are far from accounting for the diversity

of opinion which exists. There are employers who deem trade societies beneficial; there are working men who combat them with all their might.

The fact is, I take it, that trade societies will be found, at some one place or time or the other, to have justified almost every most opposite opinion which has been held respecting them. They have been schools of assassination; they have been schools of morality. They have promoted drunkenness; they have vigorously checked it. They have encouraged laziness and bad work; they have strenuously battled for solidity and honest workmanship. They have been composed of the dregs of the trade; they have gathered together the pick of it. They have been led by selfish and designing spouters; they have had for leaders the most virtuous men of the class. They have thwarted the most benevolent employers; they have been their best of friends, their main support against the unprincipled. They have promoted and organized strikes; they have kept the trade free from them during the life-time of a generation.

And who, that knows what the working classes of this country are to the present day—how various in intelligence, education, morality, manliness, from trade to trade, from district to district, from town to town,—ay, from one end of a large town to the other—will wonder

¹ Trade Societies and Strikes. Report of the Committee on Trade Societies, appointed by the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, presented to the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Association, at Glasgow, September, 1860. (J. W. Parker & Son.)

at these diversities? Looked at in the simplest point of view, trade societies are nothing but the effort of the wages-receiving class to realize, trade by trade, a corporate existence. What wonder that they should be what the wages-receivers are themselves? that they should vary in character with the working men who compose them?

To form an opinion, therefore, as to the tendencies of trade societies in general, it is absolutely necessary to discard those accidentals which belong, not to the instrument, but to the material out of which it has to be wrought; just as it is absolutely necessary, judging of the value of any particular trade society, to bear those accidentals in mind. Now the mischief is, that the very reverse process is generally followed. Trade societies in general are condemned, because some "Edinburgh Reviewer" has brought together half a dozen raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories against a few particular sets of trades-unionists; an unjust and injudicious strike by a trade society is supported by workmen of other trades, because they know their own society to be moderate and beneficial. For myself, I confess, so thick are the clouds of prejudice, arising from their own narrow experience, which I find generally to dim the sight of so-called practical men especially, that I mostly remain quite satisfied when a man comes simply to the negative conclusion, that "there is a great deal to be said on both sides," especially if coupled with a firm determination never again to take on trust any rhetoric of *Times*' or other "able editors" on the subject of any strike or society, but carefully to examine the facts for himself.

It is not, indeed, for want of inquiry that such ignorance continues to prevail. Parliamentary committees on trade combinations have sat and reported in 1824, in 1825, in 1838; not to speak of the evidence bearing on the subject which has incidentally been received by other committees, such as that of last year on Mr. Mackinnon's bill for councils of arbitration. Parliamentary inquiries again have been followed by a voluntary

one on the part of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, whose council appointed in 1858 a Committee to consider the subject. This Committee, whose report appeared last autumn, and of which I had the honour to be a member, comprised amongst its members Sir James Shuttlesworth, Lord Radstock, Lord Robert Montagu and Messrs. Buxton and Freeland, M.P.s, Mr. John Ball, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Mr. E. Akroyd, Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. H. Fawcett, Mr. T. Hughes, Dr. Farr, and other well-known names, ranging, it may be said, through all the compass of political and social, and, in great measure, of religious opinion. The papers annexed to the report comprise ten accounts of strikes or lock-outs, two accounts of trade combinations in particular towns, one account of a particular trade society, abstracts of Parliamentary papers relating to trade combinations, and other documents. And, believing as I do that there is some definite conclusion to be come to on the subject of trade societies, I venture to hope that the volume in question may help a few to such a conclusion. Scarcely, however, by the report which heads the volume—never, indeed, in its ultimate shape, even submitted to the Committee, although practically it no doubt expresses "on the whole the views of a majority" of that Committee, but which, like any other report purporting to represent the opinions of a mixed body, can never in fact be much more than a string of successive *minimums* of disagreement;—rather by the mass of materials which the Committee has brought together, in somewhat handier shape, and in something more of order, than a Blue-book would probably have afforded. No doubt that mass of materials exhibits all the discordance of which I have spoken,—proving thereby, indeed, its value as a mirror of the facts;—no doubt prejudice and bad faith will be able to use it as an arsenal for the support of the most opposite views. But, for the thoughtful and candid, the very juxtaposition of so many jarring elements will induce the effort to reduce them to unity,—like a

Babel clangour of strange tongues, suggesting the need of some deeper union than that of words.

Looking, therefore, from a higher point of view, the first question that offers itself is this:—Is it requisite, is it advantageous that the operative classes should thus seek to realize for themselves a distinct corporate or quasi-corporate class existence? From the point of view of the old guild system, the answer must decidedly be a negative one. The principle of that system is, that the distinction between master and journeyman should be simply one of degree. We have so long outgrown that system, that we use the one remnant of it which still lives in our language—the word “masterpiece”—without, for the most part, a thought of its real meaning, and of the vastly different sphere of commercial ideas and practices from those of the present day to which it bears witness; so that, indeed, for most of us, it is only by way of Germany, where that system, though effete, still lingers, that we realize the meaning of the term. But at a time when the difference between master and workman was not that the one had capital and the other only labour, but that the one had a skill and experience which the other had not yet attained to, and of which the last tangible demonstration was required to be some work of peculiar excellence in the common calling, there were properly speaking no *classes* of masters and workmen; and a society embodying the class interests of either would have been simply out of place. The class was the trade—tailors, coopers, weavers, or the like; in the guild which embodied it, the master-tailors, master-coopers, master-weavers, had the natural pre-eminence of skill and seniority; if they were privileged to employ others, it was simply by virtue of that pre-eminence, and of the acknowledged right which it gave them to direct and instruct the less able and less experienced.

But such a state of things can never last long in its efficiency. It has for sure dissolvent the accumulation of capital, which the progress of society at

once calls into being and renders necessary, and of which the inevitable result is to change the conditions of mastership, and to transfer the privilege of employing others in a given labour from the skilled man to the moneyed one. From the moment that, to establish a given business, more capital is required than a journeyman can easily accumulate within a few years, guild-mastership—the mastership of the masterpiece—becomes little more than a name. The attempt to keep up the strictness of its conditions becomes only an additional weight on the poorer members of the trade; skill alone is valueless, and is soon compelled to hire itself out to capital. The revolution is now complete; the capitalist is the true master, whether he calls himself such or not; the labourer, skilled or unskilled, be he called master or journeyman, is but the servant of the former. Now begins the opposition of interest between employers and employed; now the latter begin to group themselves together; now rises the trade society.

From Mr. F. D. Longe's sketch of the “History of Legislation in England relating to Combinations of Workmen,” reprinted in the volume I have referred to, it will be seen that the beginning of this great social revolution may be traced back somewhat over five centuries, and that as early as the reign of Edward III. our building operatives were at work combining to raise wages. Mr. Longe quotes the 34th Edward III. c. 9, to show us the legislature forbidding “all alliances and covines of masons and carpenters, and congregations, chapters, ordinances, and oaths betwixt them.” The statute is remarkable as showing the co-existence of the two masterships, that of skill and of capital; thus, the “chief masters of carpenters and masons” are to receive fourpence a day, and the others threepence or twopence according as they be worth; but every mason and carpenter, “of whatever condition he be,” is to be compelled by “his master whom he serves” to do every work that pertains to him,—where, as it seems to me, the guild-masters are designated by the former expression, and the capitalist-

masters by the latter. It may comfort some readers to find that the struggle between capitalist and labourer, which embodies itself in trade societies and employers' associations, and has its battle-fields in strikes, has thus lasted in English society without destroying it for half a millennium; it may sadden others to think that half a millennium has been worn away in that struggle, without finding as yet a solution to it.

But there is another important conclusion to be drawn from the statute which I have just referred to, as confirming what reflection would naturally suggest as the historical development of the subject. Evidently, from the moment that the element of capitalist-mastership came in, it was one which not only claimed supremacy over that of skill-mastership, but which tended to reduce the whole idea and system of the guild to a lower level, and to confine it to the operative class, so that the guild would necessarily merge in the trade society. And this is precisely what the statute exhibits to us. The statute is directed against the requiring of weekly wages, and of too high an amount; it enacts that they shall be paid by the day, and fixes the rate of them; and for this purpose it endeavours to break up the machinery of the wages-receiving class for insisting on other conditions. Now the attempt, on the part of the wages-receivers, to fix the conditions of labour and the amount of its remuneration, is precisely the work of a modern trade society. But when we notice that the wages of *master*-masons and carpenters are sought to be fixed,—when we pay attention to the “congregations, chapters, ordinances, and oaths” which are forbidden, it is impossible, I think, to mistake the fact, that we have before us precisely such an instance as I have sketched out, of guilds sinking to a lower level; forced, after embodying the collective interests of the whole trade, to embody henceforth only those of the operative portion of it, yet naturally carrying with them, and seeking to retain and exercise, those habits of regulation and authority which were formerly their natural privilege.

Much light is, I think, thrown upon the subject, when we thus see that the trade society of our days is but the lopsided representative of the old guild, its dwarfed but lawful heir. The historical pertinacity of its struggle against statutory prohibition,—its assumptions of authority,—are thus in great measure explained. It has fought the law on the ground of a prior title; it has dictated to the masters in the name of the shadow of a past corporation. No doubt, when it had once assumed its present character, organizations for the same purpose would spring up, entirely destitute of any historical filiation. But whoever reflects on many common terms of the workman's language,—the word “trade,” as signifying the collective operative portion of the trade, the word “tradesman,” as synonymous with the workman in a trade,—will see in them additional evidences of the connexion between the old guild and the modern trade society. In some cases, indeed, there is historical proof of the identity between the two; as will be seen in Mr. F. H. Hill's very valuable “Account of Trade Combinations at Sheffield,” in which the filiation of the modern trade societies of that town from the “Fellowship of Cutlers in Hallamshire” in the reign of Queen Elizabeth is clearly shown.

Of course the claim of the wages-receivers, when, through the introduction of capitalist-mastership, they represented only a portion of the trade, to act in the name and with the authority of the old guild, when it embodied the whole, was one perfectly untenable. If workmen's combinations were to stand, they must stand upon some other ground than that of representing a paramount collective authority. But the scission of interests between the capitalist-employer and his workmen at once afforded such a ground. Putting the subject of wages for the present entirely out of the question, it is evident that the whole burthen of the charitable purposes flowing out of the guild system must henceforth fall mainly, if not exclusively, on the wages-receivers. The capitalist-employer, even if nominally still a member

of the guild or fellowship, owed nothing to it but the strictest legal dues. The higher wages he paid, the less he would deem himself bound to provide for the maintenance of the aged or infirm journeyman, for his decent interment, for his widow and children. Yet working-men saw every day their fellows helpless with age and infirmities, their families reduced to beggary. All right-feeling men would seek to preserve the guild organization for such purposes; where it had perished, all right-feeling men would seek to form some new one with the like view. And I cannot help thinking that many of the stringent trade-society regulations as to apprenticeship, which are inveighed against as deep-laid plots against economic principles, are originally the simple expression of parental providence on the part of the working-man. At a time when book-education, so to speak, did not exist—when facilities of locomotion were small—when every trade, even if not regulated from within, was regulated more or less by Act of Parliament from without,—what education could the father give to the son, except in his own trade? Of what avail would that education be, unless a field were provided for its exercise? This, I think, comes out very clearly in the “Acts and Ordinances” of the Hallamshire cutlers, as quoted by Mr. Hill (see p. 523 of the volume), where it will be seen that every restriction against the exercise of the trade falls before those who have been “taught by their fathers.”

Be this as it may, it will easily be seen how, apart from those trade societies which are directly descended from the old guilds or fellowships, another class must have arisen from the need of providing amongst working-men for those purposes which were formerly embraced in those of the guild, which are now mostly reached by the machinery of the Friendly Societies’ Acts. Accordingly, the Committee’s volume affords several instances of trade societies which began by being benefit societies. In discussing the question of the advantage of a connexion between benefit

societies and trade societies, the Committee appear to me to have overlooked this fact, which is nevertheless not without importance. Friendly societies having been only endowed with legal existence in the latter half of the last century, it is obvious that during 400 out of the 500 years during which the trade societies’ struggle has lasted, it was only by means of a trade society organization that the workers in a given trade—other than such as might here and there have retained some old legal corporate privileges—could compass the purposes of a benefit society. The connexion between the two is, therefore, historically not an external accident; it flows, on the contrary, primarily from the mere effort to band the workers together for purposes of common benefit. The accident, on the contrary, has been the enactment of the Friendly Societies’ Acts, which, by affording peculiar facilities for securing certain benefits by combination, has disconnected those purposes from the others, and raised the question of disconnecting also the machineries for attaining them.

Of the extent to which trade societies, so called, which are also benefit societies, dispense relief for what are strictly benefit society purposes, few who have not examined into the fact can have any idea. I take up the volume of the yearly reports of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and I find that it spent in 1853 for sick, superannuation, funeral, and accident benefit, 6,054*l.*, making 1*l.* 3*d.* per member; in 1854, 6,145*l.*, making 10*s.* 7*d.* per member; in 1855, 7,230*l.*, making 1*l.* 6½*d.*; in 1856, 8,017*l.*, making 1*l.* 11½*d.*; in 1857, 9,821*l.*, making 13*s.* 5½*d.*; in all, for the five years, upwards of 37,000*l.*, which one must hold to have been directly saved to the public in the shape of poor-law relief or charity, by the providence of these much-abused agitators.

But there is one mischance to which the worker is subject, more dreaded, more frequent, more constantly recurrent than sickness, disabling accident, or any other evil attendant upon his calling,—

want of work. Continuous employment is the lot but of a very small minority in any trade. There is scarcely any but has its slacks or dead seasons, amounting generally to at least a month, sometimes extending to three or four in the year. How is the worker to provide against this? By individual saving? The requirement implies at least, be it observed, that the wages of eleven months' work, of ten, of nine, of eight, shall be sufficient for the year's maintenance; but, without following out this remark into its ultimate consequences, let it be noticed at once how hardly such a requirement bears upon the young man, before he has begun to save, and with all the impulses of youth upon him, all its temptations about him. Evidently, the mere need of providing for the event of want of work, for the labour of proceeding in search of it, begets the idea of forming a common purse, of securing against individual imprudence by collective organization. Hence another ground for the trade society, which indeed was insisted on by the minority of the Subcommittee by which the conclusions of the Report were drawn up. I am myself unable to see why the chances of want of work (for any cause exclusive of strikes) should not be quite as capable of being reduced to an average, and should not supply a purpose quite as worthy to be included amongst those of legalized Friendly Societies, as those of sickness, old age &c.; and I consider it a serious blot in our Friendly Societies' Acts, that they do not so include it. At any rate the purpose is one which must be provided for by every working man, and, by all but the most exemplary, cannot be sufficiently compassed except by means of a collective organization. To require them therefore to separate the relief of the unemployed from the relief of other social needs in the trade is really to call upon them to maintain two separate organizations, where one would otherwise suffice.

Now this function of trade societies, in maintaining the unemployed, and equalizing the pressure on the labour market by supplying them with the

means of travel, is one of enormous importance to themselves, and it is only by dwelling upon it that we can understand the totally opposite points of view from which trade societies are looked at by the working classes, and by the general public. The general public practically never sees them but through the heated and distorting medium of a strike atmosphere; or, to use a different image, the strike is the sole point of contact between the one sphere and the other. For the working man on the contrary, it can never be too often repeated that the strike is but an accident in the history of his trade society.¹ He looks to it above all as a hand stretched out to him in all his needs. In such a year the firm that employed him failed, and he received donation during so many weeks. In such another year trade was very slack in the neighbourhood where he was employed, and he received tramp allowance to go to a distant county. In such another he fell sick; in such another he was temporarily disabled by accident, and still from the same source flowed the aid which he received. He knows that, if he reaches a certain age, he will receive his superannuation allowance; he knows that, if he be called away by death, his widow will not have to ruin herself in giving him decent burial, and will herself receive something towards her support. True, there was that disastrous strike in the year 18—when the society's full purse got drained, and none but the most urgent cases of sickness were helped, and sore were his own privations. But what of that once in a life-time? Contributions flowed in all the more abundantly the very next year after the strike. His society does not exist for that; it exists to enable working men to make the best of their earnings, and live and die comfortable. What do you mean by talking about trade societies as mere hotbeds of agitation? He only knows that he would have had to

¹ I cannot help regretting the multiplication in the Committee's volume of accounts of strikes, as compared with those of trade combinations in themselves, as being likely to foster the error which I am combating.

go to the poor house many a time, but for his society. Most truly it is said by Mr. Hill, "The efficiency of trades societies in saving their unemployed workmen, not always thrown out of employment by a strike or dispute with their masters, from destitution and the degradation of parish relief, is a point which is much insisted on by the members of those societies. They are, to a great extent, designed, whether wisely or not, for the relief and commodity of the poorer sort of their respective fellowships." Accordingly, we find that in general the largest individual item in the expenditure of the funds of a trade society is that of relief to the unemployed, quite irrespective of strikes. Thus—to refer still to the Amalgamated Society,—the amount of "donation benefit" dispensed by that body is generally double that of "sick benefit."

We have thus three classes of trade societies already—trade societies lineally descended from the old guilds,—trade societies formed for general purposes of mutual relief,—trade societies formed originally, or mainly existing, for that purpose of mutual relief which the Friendly Societies' Acts do not recognize, viz. the maintenance of the unemployed. All these three forms, it will be observed, have in them nothing aggressive, nothing militant. There remains to examine the fourth form, that which rests upon or is developed out of the actual antagonism between capital and labour.

I say the antagonism between capital and labour. There are writers and speakers, who talk glibly of political economy, and yet complacently assert that there is no such antagonism. Such men either never have read political economy—I speak simply of the present plutonomic school—or are incapable of understanding it, or seek to befool their hearers. If there is one thing which, while plain to the child, is patent to any student of Ricardo or Mill, it is that the interest of the buyer of labour is to buy cheap, that of the seller to sell dear; or, to speak in Mr. Mill's more imposing language, that "the rate of profit and

"the cost of labour vary inversely as one another." The fact of capitalist-master-ship, therefore, in constituting an employer-class interested, for the sake of their own profits, in buying labour cheap, developed necessarily in the wages-receiving class a counter-interest in selling their labour dear, and tended to organize the latter on the ground of that common interest. Hence the latest, most characteristic form of trade society—that which aims at regulating the conditions of the sale of labour, from the sole point of view of the interest of the labourer. The four chief fields of operation for such a society are obviously: 1st. The hours of labour; 2nd. The admission of workers to the market; 3d. The rate of wages; 4th. The methods of work.

Now, so long as the capitalist-class as such subsists,—so long as it claims to act in the bargain of labour upon the dictates of its class interest,—it is insulting to common sense to say, not only that the workers have no right to combine against it on the ground of their class interest, but that they are not likely to be benefited by such combination. If they are not, then Æsop was an idiot, and the fable of the bundle of sticks is a madman's raving and not the teaching of the commonest experience, and Mr. Mill's or Mr. Wakefield's paragraphs on the subject of "co-operation, or the combination of labour," must be consigned to the flames. For what is, to begin with, any capitalist-employer towards the workers, but as many employers rolled up in one as there are workers whom he seeks to employ; employers bound together into a harmony, and power, and fixity of purpose such as no sworn brotherhood of assassins could attain to? Suppose he has employment for three hundred men; suppose no more than that number apply to him, but singly and without previous concert. He has practically the pick of all their several necessities and weaknesses, through which to obtain in every case those minimum wages which best suit his interests—his immediate interests at least—as a profit-maker. The wariest and boldest of them have no such chance

against him ; and each concession by a needier or weaker fellow-workman diminishes their power of resistance. Isolate that struggle, and I say that, so long as there is no combination amongst the workmen, and no appeal to physical force, the necessary result will be that the capitalist employer, by sheer force of unity of interest and will, will end by reducing the 300 men, through the mere processes of the bargain and sale of labour, to as abject a state of slavery—as he may think consistent with his profits.

I am not, of course, drawing from nature. I am supposing a cast-iron employer—a pattern plutonomist—entirely occupied with the problem of reducing his cost of production so as to enhance his profit, and ready to descend to any meanness for the purpose. I am supposing a set of operatives—the model men of newspaper-writers and master builders' associations—entirely devoted to the assertion of the "right" of the employed "individually to make any "trade-engagements on which they may "choose to agree." I know well enough that in our factory districts especially the process is far other ; that the preponderance of capital asserts itself there in quite an opposite shape, the mill-owner rather taking a pride in not descending into particulars in fixing a rate of wages which the operatives may take or not as they please. I know indeed also that, extreme as the case is, it could be very nearly paralleled in several instances taken from those employments where machinery has not been introduced, especially those which are carried on by home labour. It has happened repeatedly, it may happen to this day—in the various trades connected with clothing particularly, but also in others, the cheap East-end gilding-trade, for instance—that workers have been brought together on a placarded offer of employment, with the direct purpose of extracting from the miseries of the neediest, and then imposing, if practicable, upon the others, the lowest obtainable rate of wages.

At any rate, the abstract possibility of

the process is sufficient to show that, when the bargain and sale of labour is treated, upon the principles of modern political economy, as a struggle between adverse interests, the interest of the worker cannot be adequately supported against the interest of the employer, except by a combination of as many men as the employer is ready to employ. Many sincere and well-meaning employers stop at this point. They are willing to admit, in the fullest manner, the right of their own workmen to associate together, and to deal with them as a quasi-corporate body ; they deny the right of their workers to associate themselves with any strangers from without the mill or factory. Such persons forget, in the first instance, that mighty overweight which I have pointed out on the master's side, of his singleness of will and continuity of purpose. But the master has generally various other advantages. To say nothing of superior intellect and education,—in all the less paid trades, where wages scarcely, if at all, above the minimum requisite for the support of life, by no means imply a rate of profit below the average, he has often a power of reduction of personal expenditure, till it reach that minimum, sufficient to countervail the collective retrenchments of very many of his operatives. If his firm be a well-established one, he has, moreover, generally "something to the good,"—a nest-egg in the funds, in railway shares or debentures, gas shares, mortgages, land, &c.,—constituting an additional reserve-power, which may easily be more than equivalent to the collective savings of all his workpeople. Lastly, if, before even he has saved anything out of profits, he is known to be prosperous, or deemed capable of prospering, he possesses, in the shape of credit, reckoned not only upon his business capital, which is supposed an equivalent force to the labour it could employ, but upon his fixed capital, and upon any other resources which he may be presumed to have, a further power, against which his workmen have nothing to set off but the collective amounts of the slender credit of

each, with landlord (supposing landlord and employer to be two), baker, grocer, &c. Taking all these into account, I think it will be seen that, as a general rule, the combination power of the workmen of a given establishment represents—in “the haggling of the labour-market”—a power greatly inferior to that of the employer; that those workmen are fully justified, for the defence of their own class interest, in extending their combinations to much greater numbers of their fellows.

No doubt the scale weighs often the other way. There may be peculiarities in the manufacture, which render the labour required a practical monopoly. The employer, instead of having money saved, may be trading upon borrowed capital, in mortgaged mills, with mortgaged machinery; or he may be simply young and inexperienced in the face of an old and well-disciplined trade society. But, beyond himself, the employer—unless quite exceptionally unpopular—is sure to find support in that “tacit but constant and uniform combination” of masters, spoken of by Adam Smith, which, indeed, full often now-a-days takes the form of an organized society. The inexperience or imprudence of one employer is therefore made up for by the experience and shrewdness of others, and it may safely be said that seldom can the workmen of a single employer engage in a contest with him one day, without having to face the chance of seeing the whole employer-class (in their department) of the town or district arrayed against them on the morrow. I forbear to push the hypothesis any further; but any one who studies the history of the late London building strike, for instance, will see that the indirect assistance from without the trade afforded to the master builders, in the shape of forbearance to enforce contracts, can scarcely have been less, if at all, than the direct assistance supplied in money subscriptions from without to the building operatives.

As a mere question, therefore, of the ponderation of forces in the bargain of labour, I do not see how any dispa-

sionate man can fix a limit beyond which trade combinations of workmen are not justified in defence of their class interest. I do not pretend for a moment to say that, by means of such combinations, the class interest of the worker may not preponderate. However it may suit some employers to gloss over the fact that trade societies often have the better of them, the number of successful strikes which take place is surprising, when the question is looked into; the number of concessions to the fear of a strike may be surmised, but cannot be reckoned. Sometimes the inferiority of the employers is patent and avowed; as may be seen in the history of the Padiham strike, from the circular of the “Committee of the Lancashire Master Spinners and Manufacturers Defence Society” (see pp. 447-8), which declares that “the Padiham masters could not have made head” against the men’s union without the support of the masters of other towns; or, again, in the history of Shipwrights’ Trade Combinations in Liverpool, which shows us the Liverpool shipwrights practically masters, not only of their own employers, but of the town itself for a series of years. But these instances—most of which indeed are explainable by peculiarity of circumstances—do not in the least impair the worker’s plea for combination, as his main safeguard against the overweight of capital in the bargain of labour.

Newspaper political economists, indeed, never tire of teaching the working man that wages depend on demand and supply, and, therefore, that trade societies cannot affect them. Why, it is precisely because they depend upon demand and supply—the demand of living men’s capital, the supply of living men’s labour—that trade societies *can* affect them. A leading defect in the science of political economy, as taught by the plutonomic school, is its frequent—not indeed constant—forgetfulness of the human will, as an economic force. It generally strives to drag man and his actions from the sphere of spontaneousness down into that of fatality; to treat him as a blind creature led by

fixed instincts, and not as one endowed with free-will, capable of all degradation, capable of all self-devotion. Now in the bargain and sale of labour, the will of man plays on either side a part which it suits the plutonomist to overlook, but which is most real; and it is precisely that play of human wills which limits the realm within which all trade organizations of masters and men have their appointed work. The cases are, indeed, comparatively rare in which will does not form an element of price. The well-to-do classes in any country always could pay much higher for the necessities of life than in ordinary times they do; but they do not choose to do so; their will limits the price they pay to the standard fixed by others, though, perhaps, oftener than they think, a little enhanced for them. Conversely, our best plutonomists themselves, such as Mr. Mill, recognize the enhancing effect of the will upon price in the case of domestic servants; since, as he truly says, "most persons who can afford it, pay to their domestic servants higher wages than would purchase in the market the labour of persons fully as competent to the work required." To this influence of the will must be traced in great measure the differences in price between one part of a town and another, between one shop and another, and even between town and town. In the daily experience of life, we know perfectly that we can get a given article at a lower price in one place than we can in another, the difference in locality being sometimes not more than the width of a street, the breadth of a bazaar. We know perfectly that the reason of such difference is simply, that the one man chooses to sell lower than another; it is only when one comes to speak of wages that "the inexorable laws of supply and demand" are treated as some almighty power whose fiat alone rule the world of labour. Now, the working man in combining does not mean in the least to deny that there are such laws; he simply claims to master and use them, just as we master and use the laws of heat and electricity. On the demand for labour

he cannot much operate, but he can operate upon its supply.

It is extremely well put by Mr. Dunning, in his pamphlet on "Trades Unions and Strikes," that although, when the supply of labour "permanently much exceeds its demand," nothing can prevent the reduction of "wages; and conversely when the demand for it permanently much exceeds its supply, nothing can prevent their rise,"¹ so that "at these two extreme points all contention is hopeless;" it is "the intermediate states that admit the operation of trade societies." For the so-called "artificial," but more properly spontaneous scarcity of labour which they tend to produce is, in fact, as real whilst it lasts, as the fatal one arising from the non-existence of workers. A man who *will* not work, whilst he will not, is as complete a zero in the labour supply as if he were dead, or had never come into the world. It is simply their trust in the fragility of the human will which inspires employers ever to resist a strike, otherwise than by the mere importation of labour from without. If they in turn had to deal with cast-iron men, men whom they knew ready for actual suicidal starvation in preference to concession, they would feel at once that the scarcity of labour was as much an absolute one, as if the earth had swallowed the working men who resist them. The real grievance of such employers against trade societies is, that by disciplining the will of the working man, they tend to harden the spontaneous scarcity of labour which they produce or regulate into a rigidity more and more approaching to the absoluteness of a fatal scarcity.

Do you blame the working man for this? Erase then first from your volumes of plutonomic oracles, all those pages and

¹ There is something quite childish in the way in which would-be instructors of the working classes incessantly point them to the rise of wages, among classes in which no trade societies exist, in proof that such societies are superfluous. Of course Mr. Dunning, and all other society men not wholly idiotic, as fully recognize the fact as they distinctly deny the conclusion.

pages which inculcate upon the labouring classes the necessity of the "prudential" check upon population. What! you bid the working man, by disciplining his will, by the severest self-restraint, for the sake of rendering his labour scarce, and, therefore, of gaining a higher price for it; you bid him, I say, bind down those family instincts which are, in one view, the very safety-valves of society; and you would fain discourage him from endeavouring, by every means which the like discipline and self-restraint can afford, to wring by combination the highest price for his labour without stifling those instincts! You insist upon the action of the will as the last and supreme resort in diminishing the supply of labour; yet, when it comes to a question of immediate demand, you afford him scarcely a glimpse of that action! Nay, you go further than this,—you make it almost a crime for him to bring into the world other men made in God's image, lest they should compete for the price of labour with himself and his fellows,—but when do you ever let fall a word of blame upon those who bring into the world to compete with him—fatally, inexorably to elbow him out—men of iron, and steel, and brass—cheap feeders upon water, and grease, and oil? They are no brethren of his, and yet you expect him to treat them tenderly when they are dashing the bread from his children's mouths; you punish him if he dare molest them; you lift up eyes and hands in scientific horror because he does not appreciate "the blessings of machinery." Of all hypocrisies which this century has seen go forth under high heaven, I know none more insolent than that of modern plutonomy, inculcating "the prudential" "check" upon the working man, and advocating the unlimited, unregulated, introduction of machinery. Evidently, the will of the capitalist has at least as much to do with the begetting of the one class of competitors, as the will of the labourer with that of the other. If there is a morality of the one action, there is also of the other; if the one current of production is to

go on unrestrained at the hands of the one class, why not the other too? But, above all, if the capitalist is to be allowed, for the sake of increasing his own profit, and contracting his demand for human labour, to flood the market with iron men in the shape of material machinery, why is not the labourer, for the sake of increasing his own earnings, and contracting the supply of human labour, to narrow the labour-market by any moral machinery which combination can afford to him?—I need hardly observe that I am not speaking here of the ultimate effects of machinery, which I believe to be beneficial, but simply of its immediate effects, which, with Ricardo and Mill, I believe to be often seriously detrimental to the working classes.

It is often objected, that whilst the endeavour to narrow the labour-market by combination may be successful in a given trade, yet it does not benefit the working-classes at large; that the limiting the number of competitors in one trade only tends to cause an overflow in others; that the high wages of the few only cause the low wages of the many; and writers and speakers on the subject, who deal in moralities, thereupon proceed to lecture trade societies on their selfishness. The trade society may well retort: Address your lecturing to your own class, first of all. Bid the merchant, the manufacturer, be content with the most moderate profits, lest by taking too much, he should depress the money demand for his neighbours' goods and wares; bid him abstain from enlarging his own establishment, lest by driving weaker men out of his own trade he should only be increasing the number of competitors in another. In your let-alone political economy,—in your gospel of buy-cheap-and-sell-dear,—there is no room for such moralities as you attempt to foist upon us, whilst you never recollect to quote them to our employers.

But apart from such *tu quoque* argumentation, I venture to say that, even if it were true that trade combinations, to use Mr. Mill's words, are to be "looked upon as simply intrenching round a

"particular spot against the inroads of "over-population," they would yet be beneficial. For it is not the same thing to the country that the same sum of 15*l.* should be received in wages by ten well-to-do workmen at thirty shillings, or by thirty starvelings, at ten shillings. The higher wants of the former give a stronger impulse to the circulation of capital, secure its healthier and more beneficial employment, than the abject necessities of the latter, which throw them upon inferior and often unwholesome food, inferior and insufficient clothing, and such shelter as can be but a nursery of disease and infirmity. So strongly am I convinced of this fact that, much as I loathe slavery, I consider that there is a worse social state even than that robbery of the many by the few which slavery represents,—a state of absolute universal wretchedness, in which self-sacrifice itself becomes impossible. But indeed it is obvious on a little reflection that the position, that trade combinations merely shift locally the rate of wages without being able to raise it generally, is a mere petition of principle. For it assumes that the circulating capital employed in the purchase of home labour is all that can be so employed; that the rate of profit has reached its minimum. Our enormous investments of capital in foreign funds, railways, &c. are as sufficient a practical answer to such an assumption, as the speculations of economists "on the tendency of profits to a minimum"—evidently not supposed to have been reached,—are a sufficient theoretical one. So long as there is accumulated capital to spend upon anything beyond labour, so long as there is profit realized in any trade beyond the minimum out of which to renew such accumulations,—the trade society of that trade have the right to repel any accusation of selfishness towards their class at large, for seeking to raise their wages, their condition generally, at the expense of the profit-maker. No doubt the interest of one particular trade may often be opposed to that of another; thus, the interest of the working en-

gineers, as machine-makers, is *prima facie* antagonistic to that of most at least of their fellow craftsmen, and it is logically absurd for the Amalgamated Society to make grants, as it has done, for the support of a strike against machinery. But the working men have a full right to say that the question is one that regards themselves, and to claim to meet it simply by a further application of their own machinery of combination. The "National Association of United Trades"—a body now very much dwindled from the importance it once possessed, but which still numbers some 6,000 affiliated members in various trades—represented an important step in this direction; other local ones are indicated by the Trades Committees of Glasgow and Liverpool, formed of delegates from the various trade-societies of their respective towns, from both of which the Committee of the Social Science Association received hearty and intelligent assistance.

The sticks, in short, claim the right to be bundled together as they please, without limit as to number, as to the shape of the bundles, or as to the tightness of the ligature. The working man claims to fix for himself by combination, from trade to trade or in any number of trades, the conditions which he shall demand, and, if he can do so, obtain for the sale of his labour. He does so at the bidding of that political economy, which teaches him to look upon wealth as the ground and subject matter of a nation's *οικο-νομια* or house-law; to look upon the relation of employer and employed as the mere result of a struggle between hostile interests; to recognize, in his employer's "rate of profit," the rival force which is always endeavouring to outweigh that of the "cost" of his own "production;" to recognize the dependence of "price" on the relation of demand and supply; to study the effects of a scarcity of labour in raising its price; and in the effects of a combination of labour to note the means of increasing its productiveness. In other words, that political economy teaches him that his class-life is a bat-

tle: he accepts that battle, and seeks to discipline his forces, so that there shall be no cross-firing, between man and man, or between corps and corps, so that every shot shall tell against that which your science teaches him is the

common enemy—not capital,—but profit. To tell him that he will fight with more success by breaking up his ranks, forgetting his discipline, and dismissing his commissariat, is pure mockery.

To be continued.

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A bed for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call, when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE GHOST HE DIDN'T SEE.

I WAS rather disappointed, if the truth must be told—so indeed we all were at home—at his scanty flow of words, when he returned to us from that grim Crimean campaign.

As for the general story of the war, we did not want that from him, as they might have done whose kinsman should have returned to them from so distant a scene of warfare in the old days when electric telegraph and express trains and steamers were not, and when the *Times* had not invented its "Own Correspondent." We used to send him that general story, in comprehensive chapters on that journal's broad sheet, and with the pictorial panoramas of the *London Illustrated News*. He and his comrades read it thus, so I have heard him say, with curious, eager, and intense delight. I think his heart must have beat quick one day upon reading, in one of its very noblest chapters, his own name, scored under by my pen as I had read it proudly, before sending him that paper.

But what we wanted were particulars of what had personally befallen him; for we knew that, though it was hard, indeed, to be preeminent in discharge of duty or daring of danger amidst that flower of the world's soldierhood, he had been noted as noteworthy, even among such, by those who had the best means of appreciating his courage and his industry. In explanation of the latter word, I may remark that his arm of the service was one of those which our then allies designate as "Armes savantes," or "Scientific Arms."

I have found this modest manly silence, touching personal exposure and achievement, an almost invariable characteristic of our noble fighting men. My reader will, therefore, kindly bear it in mind that the detailed and continuous narrative I put under his eyes here is of my writing rather than of his telling, short as it is. But I have interwoven in it, so far as I know, nothing but authentic threads of recollection. I picked

the matter for the spinning of them bit by bit out of his conversation, as an old woman might pick out of a long hedgerow, at great intervals, wool enough to furnish worsted for her knitting needles to work up into a stocking or a pair of mits.

He had been under fire continuously, for seven hours and more, on one of the most hard-fought days of all that hard-fought struggle, and, as he rode away at evening towards the camp, rode bareheaded, in reverent acknowledgment to Heaven for the marvel that he was riding out of that hail of iron himself unhurt.

As for the unobserved incidents of that day's danger, from which so merciful a preservation had been vouchsafed, they would be hard to reckon; but upon three several occasions during those seven exposed hours, it really seemed that the messengers of death avoided him, as in some legend they turn aside from the man who bears a charmed life. There was a six-pound shot, which he saw distinctly coming, as a cricketer eyes the projectile which threatens his middle wicket. It pitched right in front of him, and rose as a cricket-ball when the turf is parched and baked, bounding clean up into the air, and so passing right over his untouched head. It fell behind him, and he looked at it more than once that day, and, but for its inconvenient bulk, thought of carrying it away for a memento. There was a four-and-twenty-pound shot next, a sort of twin-brother to that which, some three weeks before, had actually torn his forage-cap from off his head; but it came too quick for sight. He was at that moment backing towards the shafts of an ammunition cart a horse, whose reins he held close to its jaw, as he spurred on his own to make it give way in the right direction. Smash! came the great globe of iron, and as the bones and blood and brains bespattered him, he almost himself fell forward; for the poor brute was restive no longer: headless horses don't strain against the bit, although 'tis just as hard as ever to back them into the shafts.

Then there was a moment, one of those of direst confusion, of what other than such soldiers as fought that fight would have reckoned a moment of dismay,—a moment wherein regimental order itself was in part broken and confused; guardsmen mingled with linesmen, linesmen with blue-coated artillery.

There had been fearful havoc among those noble servants of the deep-voiced cannon, and men were wanted to hand out the shells from a cart he had himself brought up, replenished, to a breast-work. He called in some of the linesmen. One of them stood by him foot to foot, almost or actually in contact. They were handing ammunition, from one to other, as men do fire-buckets when fires are blazing in a street. He leant in one direction to pass on the load he had just taken from the soldier's hand; the soldier was bending towards the next man in the chain; a Russian shell came bounding with a whirr, then burst and scattered its deadly fragments with terrific force. One of its great iron shreds passed—there was just room for it—between his leg and the soldier's that stood next him. They looked each other in the face.

"A near shave that, sir!" said the man, "Nearer than you think for, perhaps," he answered; for he had felt the rounder surface of the fragment actually bruise him as it passed, whereas its ragged edge had shaven, with a marvelous neatness, from his trouser, part of the broad red stripe upon the outer seam.

I venture to give these minute details, because they may help other civilians, as they helped me, to "realise," as they call it now-a-days, more vividly the risks of a day of battle, and the large drafts they draw upon a man's fund of nerve and composure, just as he stands, without coming into any close encounter.

But at last the firing was done; and, bareheaded, as I have said, he turned and rode back towards the camp.

It was before the famine period there, and though there was no superfluity of food, there was food to be had, and that

long day's fighting-men were in sore need of it.

It was dusk, and he was lighting a candle to sit down to his meal, when the voice of a French soldier called something like his name from the outside. He was himself a perfect master of that language, as the "Soldat-du-train" who stood outside found to his great relief upon his first utterance of inquiry.

The Frenchman held a mule by the bridle, and across the creature's back lay something which looked like a heavily filled parti-coloured sack. It was a far otherwise ghastly burden. The body of an officer, stripped bare all but the trousers, the dark clothed legs hanging one way, the fair skinned naked shoulders and arms the other, the face towards the ground.

"I was directed, mon officier, to bring this poor gentleman's corpse to you. They say you were a friend of his—his name is Captain X——"

Even at that early stage of the campaign such shocks had lost the startling effect of novelty; nevertheless, there were few names among those of his friends and comrades which it could shock and grieve him more to hear pronounced under such circumstances. The light was fetched. He raised the poor body; then, with a sigh, let it once more gently down. There was a small round hole in the very centre of the forehead, whereat the rifle ball had darted into the brain of his hapless friend.

He called an orderly, and directed him to accompany the Frenchman to the dead man's tent. He would himself soon follow and see to his receiving a soldier's obsequies. His weariness and exhaustion were such as to render it imperatively necessary that he should first take his food, to which he returned, with what increased weight at heart, who shall rightly tell? It needs not that the tension of a man's nerves should have been strung tight by the hand of battle, for him to know, from his own experience, what is the strange, and awful, and weird feeling of the first relaxation of them in the early after-hours of responsibility, danger, or im-

portant crisis of decision. If apparitions and visions of things unearthly be indeed mere fictions of men's brain, such after-hours are just those wherein the mind is readiest to yield to the power of illusion. Illusion or reality more startling, more unaccountable by far than it? Whether of the two was this?

There entered at the curtain of his tent the dead man, towards whom, in some few minutes more, he should have been showing the last sad kindnesses. The light fell full and clear upon his face. He took off his forage-cap as he came in. The broad white forehead showed no longer any trace of the murderous incrash of the ball which had slain him. Into the poor dull glazed eyes the gleam had returned—could it indeed be the gleam of returned life? Or do the eyes of ghosts gleam life-like so?

"What made you send that Frenchman with my corpse to me? At least, he would insist that it was mine."

"X——! Good heaven! Can it be you, indeed?"

"Who should it be? What ails you, man? Why do you stare at me so?"

"I cannot say what ails me; but I am surely under some strange delusion. It is not half an hour surely, since I saw you stretched lifeless across a mule's back, with a rifle bullet between your eyes. What can this mean? You are not even wounded."

"No, thank God! nothing has touched me for this once; but that French soldier—did you then send him up, indeed?"

"Indeed I did."

HIDEOUS comico-tragic episode in the awful drama of war! They discovered by-and-by that their slain brother soldier was no comrade of their own corps, but a brave officer of another arm. Neither of them had known him personally, nor had they heard before that between him and X—— existed, in his lifetime, the most remarkable and close resemblance—such an identity of feature as is rarely seen save in twin-brothers. Now, it has struck me sometimes as I have turned over in my mind this strange but true

story, that there may have been among that wearied host that night men to whom indeed what happened appeared a demonstration of the truth concerning ghostly visitants; men who may have known only the gallant man that fell, as my kinsman only knew the man for whom he was mistaken; they may have seen him fall, or have known of his fatal misadventure; and then they, too, may have seen his perfect image,

his very self—as they needs must have reckoned it—pass by them, in the gleam of their tent's lantern, through that November mist;—pass by them, though they had been dear friends and comrades, without a word, a nod, a sign of recognition;—pass by them upon some unearthly errand, on his way back, perhaps, to answer, in the ghost-world, to the roll-call of the dead.

NEW ZEALAND.

A CAREFUL study of the colonial history of the British Empire would suggest many grave and strange reflections. For a period of more than three centuries we have been a colonizing nation; yet, until Sir William Molesworth and various political writers who may be said to have been connected with the party in politics and literature that looked up to that gentleman as its leader, forced the question upon public attention, the most profound ignorance prevailed amongst our statesmen in reference to colonization upon systematic principles. It was not alone the Tudors and Stuarts who neglected this great question, but even the present family, until a recent period, are liable to the same charge; and the obstinate pertinacity of the third George, in oppressing the finest colonial dependency ever possessed by any nation in modern times, lost it to Britain, and completely divided the Anglo-Saxon race, thereby materially weakening the influence it would have had as one great united power. Now, colonization has come to be considered one of the great social and political questions of the day; in those great trans-Pacific colonies which have recently been planted, our statesmen have treated their compatriots who have settled in them with frank and candid consideration; and Australia and New Zealand are upon the whole contented under British rule, and promise to become a colonial dominion scarcely second to that so foolishly lost by the

ministers of George III. Indeed, the countries named are already far more important than America at the period she declared herself independent. The whole exports of that country at the period named were under a million, while those of one of our Australian colonies alone (Victoria) amount to fifteen millions. In 1790 Boston, the metropolitan city of the American colonies, numbered no more than 18,000 citizens, while Melbourne with its suburbs contains above 100,000 inhabitants, or considerably more than five times the number that the city of the pilgrim fathers could boast at the revolution. We shall very soon have many great and populous communities starting into existence over the whole of Australia and the adjoining islands of Tasmania and New Zealand. The Imperial authorities have now wisely allowed the colonists a fair share of self-government, and the indomitable perseverance and energy of the Anglo-Saxon are fast covering those great lands with the appliances of civilized life. The South Seas, long silent and solitary, are now traversed by busy merchantmen, carrying away the treasures of those new but wealthy communities recently planted in Australia and California.

Many persons are disposed to think that the serious disturbances amongst the New Zealand natives will seriously impede the progress of the new settlements in the south. They have

naturally excited considerable attention amongst those who take an interest in colonization; and they also deeply concern the large class of persons who have friends or relations settled in Australia and New Zealand. These troubles have originated in the peculiar circumstances under which New Zealand was taken possession of and colonized by Britain, and are of a peculiar character, such as never has been experienced, and, in fact, could never occur in Australia or any of our other colonies.

Previous to any effort at colonization in New Zealand, at the period when there had been a threat to seize it for France, we acknowledged its independence under the chiefs of the tribes. The latter merely looked up to Britain as the parent of their little state, and its protector from all attempts upon its independence. The Committee of the House of Commons, which sat in 1836, perceived the difficulties of colonizing under such circumstances, and reported that the increase of national power and wealth promised by the acquisition of New Zealand would be a most inadequate compensation for the injury which must be reflected upon the kingdom by embarking in a measure essentially unjust, and but too certainly fraught with calamity to an inoffensive people, whose title to the soil and general title was not only indisputable, but had been solemnly recognized by the British nation. In 1839, however, our Government was induced to send Captain Hobson to the country in the two-fold character of Consul and Lieutenant-Governor. Many Englishmen had, by this time, purchased large tracts of land of the natives; such sales as had been made at an unduly low rate were declared void; and a commissioner was sent to the country to ascertain what amount of land was held in New Zealand by British subjects under grants from natives; how far such grants were lawfully acquired and ought to be respected, and what might have been the price or other valuable consideration given for them. It was ultimately to be decided by the Governor of New South Wales, Sir

George Gipps, how far the claimants, or any of them, might be entitled to confirmatory grants, and on what terms such confirmations ought to be made.

Had the New Zealanders been a poor, ignorant race, like the aborigines of Australia, they would soon have been driven to the wall in the bustle of settling the new colonies there; but the Maories were found to be alive to their interests, and they have defended their supposed rights inch by inch with the British settlers. They have never even hesitated to resort to arms in cases where they deemed themselves aggrieved. The majority of the Maories have viewed with extreme dissatisfaction the increase of European population; and, although the authorities have strictly adhered to the principle of purchasing every foot of ground from the legitimate owners before allowing it to be used for the purposes of colonization, yet the native chiefs have felt keenly the alienation of so vast a portion of the lands of their ancestors. Many of the larger tracts of land had been disposed of before the Maories had begun to realize the fact that it would be occupied by a race superior to them in civilization. They were well disposed to the British so long as they were but a few scattered settlers dependent upon them; but they had never conceived it possible that the time would come when they would cease to be the dominant race. The growing jealousy of the European people has exhibited itself upon various occasions, the ostensible cause of quarrel being the right of the purchasers to the land which had been bought from time to time. The Land Commissioners, having found that many of the purchases made by private persons from Maories had been obtained by improper representations and for inadequate prices, declared them void; and great doubts existed for many years about the legality of all the titles to the land, not excepting that of the New Zealand Company which encouraged the native chiefs to maintain claims over territory that had been fairly sold.

Before we consider the present unfortunate disturbances, it may be inter-

esting to glance at previous outbreaks amongst the New Zealanders during our occupation of the country.

A lamentable tragedy occurred in June, 1843, at Cloudy Bay, in Cook's Straits. It arose out of a disputed claim to land on either side of Cook's Strait, and we fear the New Zealand Company were quite as much to blame as the natives in raising and exciting the collision. A party of surveyors were sent to Wairow to portion the land out into allotments. They erected a couple of rush huts on the ground. Two native chiefs, Ranparaha, and his son-in-law, Rangihaiata, burnt them down, in consequence of the dispute then pending. The natives, however, wished the matter in question referred to Mr. Spain, the Land Commissioner of the country, whose conscientious decisions had inspired them with great confidence. Unfortunately, however, instead of waiting for the arrival of Mr. Commissioner Spain, Mr. Thompson, a civil servant of the Government, who held the post of Judge of the County Court and Prosecutor of the Aborigines, at the solicitation of Captain Wakefield, the chief agent of the New Zealand Company at Nelson, issued an order to apprehend the two chiefs. The British party, numbering forty-six persons, under the command of Captain Wakefield and Captain England, of H.M. 12th regiment, advanced upon the native encampment to enforce Mr. Thompson's order. The nature of the warrant having been explained to the natives by means of an interpreter, the chiefs set their party at defiance, and Thompson, who was, it appeared, a very excitable man, ordered an advance. The chiefs were posted upon a highly advantageous position, near the source of the Wairow, and the British had to pass a rivulet in their front in a canoe, under a heavy fire. They were thrown into confusion, but were rallied by Captains England and Wakefield, and made a stand on the brow of a hill close by, where they were attacked by the chiefs and dispersed. Some escaped, and others put forth a flag of truce and surrendered to Ranparaha. The latter were butchered

in cold blood. In this collision, there fell Captain Wakefield, the agent of the Company; Captain England, 12th regiment; Mr. Thompson, Local Judge; Mr. Howard, the Company's storekeeper; Mr. Packett, merchant; Mr. Cotterel, surveyor; and about twenty other British emigrants. There were eleven of the party who fortunately reached a small vessel and got out of reach of the natives. It has been urged, with what degree of truth we do not know, that the wife of Rangihaiata, and daughter of Ranparaha, had been killed by a random ball, and that this circumstance had irritated those two chiefs, and excited them to perpetrate the cold-blooded massacre of those who had surrendered. There appears to be little doubt that the proceedings of the Company's servants were most injudicious, and it has been generally supposed that they expected to intimidate the natives into giving up the land without any appeal to Mr. Commissioner Spain, which they did not by any means desire.

In the year 1845 Honi, Heki, and various other chiefs began to be very troublesome to the settlers; and a severe collision took place on the 11th March, the natives attacking Kororarika, in the Bay of Islands, the oldest town in the colony, which they completely destroyed, driving out the military and a party of sailors and marines of H.M.S. *Hazard* after a brave resistance by the latter, who had the misfortune to have their commander severely wounded early in the action. This disaster was chiefly caused by the behaviour of the military officer in charge of the block house; who, on hearing guns fired, quitted that fortification, the key of the position of the Europeans, to proceed towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded; and thus this most important post fell into the hands of the natives. In this encounter there were thirteen Europeans killed and eighteen wounded; of the New Zealanders fifty were killed and a large number wounded. At a public meeting held in Auckland a resolution was passed by acclamation, giving Com-

mander Robertson and the men of the *Hazard* the greatest credit for their gallantry in defending the place at such dreadful odds. Indeed, they did not abandon the town until the magazine in the stockade blew up and the ammunition failed, when the order was given for the troops and inhabitants to embark. The native chief who commanded on this occasion, Ehara, murdered nine English people who fell into his hands after the embarkation had been effected.

Much alarm was caused by the annihilation of our settlement at the Bay of Islands—not so much to be deplored for the sacrifice and the destruction of property as for the loss of *prestige* that had now for the first time really fallen on the British power; and great fears were entertained that the excited aborigines would everywhere rise and massacre our defenceless fellow-countrymen, scattered up and down from the North to the South Cape. It was deemed necessary to enrol the white inhabitants and drill them daily. It was known that Heki had fortified a new pah which he had six guns to defend, while in his rear was an interminable forest to fall back upon if driven from his stockade; the natives throughout the country were quietly waiting the result of the attack of the British on the prime mover in this insurrection, and ready, if Heki were successful, to rise everywhere and expel the colonists from the country. The stronghold of this predatory chief was attacked on the 1st July, and our troops were repulsed with heavy loss, one-third of them having fallen before the order to retreat was given. The British had no guns that could be of service; and, although they repeatedly pulled down portions of the outer stockade or pah, yet there was an inner stockade lined with men firing through loopholes which resisted all their efforts. Having obtained some guns and ammunition from the *Hazard*, our troops conveyed them to the top of a hill which commanded the pah, which was then abandoned by the natives in the night.

At this time Governor Fitzroy was

recalled, and his successor tried to soothe the natives. Heki, however, continued for nearly two years to disturb the peace of the country—the affair at Wanganai being the last of these outbreaks. So expensive, however, had been the operations of Government for exterminating this spirit of rebellion against British authority and protecting the English residents, that it was calculated their safety cost the Empire at the rate of 15*l.* a-head per annum.

The present contest between the British Government and the national or Maori party is clearly to be traced to the jealousy of the latter of the power of the English settlers. The avowed objects of the confederation of native chiefs who acknowledge the Waikato prince, Te Whero Whero (or, as he is more generally named, Potatan) as king of the northern island of New Zealand, are the subversion of the authority of Queen Victoria, and the prohibition of further alienation of territory to the Crown for purposes of colonization. The present Taranki war has been caused by the native king movement, and the real issue is, whether Victoria or Potatan shall be the future sovereign of New Zealand. The settlement of New Plymouth, where the present outbreak has taken place, was founded in 1841, by the Plymouth Company of New Zealand, who had purchased a large tract of land, of the extent of 60,000 acres, from the only natives then resident in the district. These were Waikatos, who had conquered it from another tribe named Ngatiaws, the great majority of whom had been enslaved by the victorious tribe, who now ceded their right to the British. The title of the Company was investigated by Mr. Spain, the Commissioner for the purpose, who reported in favour of the Company's claim; but Governor Fitzroy, instigated by some of the missionaries of the district, refused to confirm their title, holding that the enslaved tribe of Ngatiaws had the real property in the soil. The European population at the settlement were consequently confined to a block of 3,500 acres, which they had purchased from the returned natives, and to a few other

blocks which they were afterwards able to purchase. It was from one of those transactions that the present disturbance arose, and it occurred in this way:—In March, 1859, the governor of the colony, being at New Plymouth, offered to purchase land to extend the settlement, in a proclamation or notice to the effect that he thought the Maories would be wise to sell land they did not require, as it would enhance the value of what they retained; he would buy no man's land without his consent, and he would require an undisputed title. In reply to this notice a Waitara chief offered to sell a block of land. No person disputed his right to sell the property, with the exception of one native, named Paora, who said he would not allow the sale; the land was in his hands, and he would not give it up. This chief, however, did not deny that the right to sell the land belonged to the native who had offered it; but said he would not let him sell it, pretending that his position as a chief gave him power to veto the transaction, and forgetting the conquest of the country by the Waikatos, who had transferred their rights to the Crown in 1842; for, although Governor Fitzroy had refused to act upon this, and reversed the decision of the Land-Court, his act has been deemed an error by all his successors, and by those competent to give an opinion on the question. It is necessary here to mention that, in 1853, there arose a new contest about the land at New Plymouth amongst the Ngatiaws themselves, as to what portions of it belonged to the different chiefs of the tribe. In 1854 a chief, Rawri, was murdered, for offering to sell a portion of land to the government, by Katatore, a leader of the anti-selling land league. This feud has been at work since then, and so much afraid have the natives become of Katatore and of his successor William King that no attempt was made, from this occurrence in 1854 up to 1859, to dispose of land to the government; notwithstanding that there are in that fine province 3,000,000 acres which about 3,000 natives profess to own, only cultivating a few patches here and there

along the coast. Backed by the so-named native king-party and the native anti-selling land league and some of the missionaries, William King insolently defied the Crown, and, rather than allow another native chief to sell his land, took up arms, and, having been joined by all the disaffected natives, openly resisted the government. It has become a fight for British supremacy in this island; and, surely, our nation could never abandon 90,000 of our compatriots, who have successfully colonized and civilized it. At the period of the outbreak there were said to be 5,000 Maories in arms, and they have been able to set the British authority at defiance for several months. The first severe skirmish arose out of an expedition sent to bring in some British settlers who had clung too long to their homes, and had been cut off by the natives from communication with their friends at head-quarters. The brunt of the engagement was chiefly born by the civilians, and the military took very little share in the struggle. The fight took place at the mouth of the Waireka, amongst the flax gullies, where the Maories were posted at the bottom of the ridge on which their pah was erected, in order to oppose the passing of our men. The soldiers remained at long range, a small party only being detached to support the civilians. So vastly did the Maories outnumber their foe that they swarmed the Waireka gully, enclosing our militia and volunteers on the right and rear; and, the detached party of sixty-five having been recalled, the British were hemmed in on every side, except on the flank toward the beach. Their ammunition having become spent, their position was very critical; but here, as at Kororarika, the blue-jackets saved them from ruin. The men of the *Niger* came up at the critical moment, headed by Captain Cracroft, and rushed on the natives with cutlass, bayonet, and revolver, and, having carried the pah, extricated the troops, with whom they returned to head-quarters.

The military rendered but little

assistance in this affair; and, without professing to throw any blame on the officers in command, we may say that it was unfortunate that the rebellious natives were not better enlightened upon this occasion as to the power and efficiency of our troops. The result was, that they treated us with scanty respect, and the disaffection still spread amongst the various tribes in the northern island. The officer in command at this period did not seem to possess any great amount of energy, and little was attempted by him beyond holding his position. The arrival of Major-General Pratt, who held the office of commander of the forces in Australia, with large reinforcements, put it in the power of the British to assume offensive operations; and we are very happy to learn by the last mail that a complete victory had been obtained over

a portion of the rebels on the 6th November, at a place named Mahoetahi, and that their leader Wetini had been slain. The engagement is reported to have been very severe, the Maories fighting, as they generally appear to do, with great courage and resolution, while the conduct of our officers and men was beyond praise. The natives have been accustomed hitherto to undervalue British prowess, and it is to be hoped that they have now received a salutary lesson, which will not fail of restoring our prestige. Our ultimate triumph cannot be doubted, but in the mean time many colonists are suffering severely in consequence of the risks and losses which this disturbance has brought upon them; and it is absolutely necessary that the outbreak should be quelled and peace restored as quickly as possible.

T. McC.

METROPOLITAN DISTRESS.

BY THE REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

THE distress of the poor in London has been recently brought before the whole world with unusual prominence, through the space devoted by the *Times* to various attempts to relieve it. There is always a lamentable amount of distress prevailing in London, and especially during the winter season; and the distress has lately been much aggravated by the bitterly cold weather, and the suspension, through the frost, of many kinds of labour. It is not without good reason that hearts have been touched and purses opened in behalf of the poor. But it is important to understand that the Charity columns of the *Times* furnish no safe criterion of the comparative pressure of distress. "Metropolitan Distress" had already assumed appalling dimensions in the columns of the *Times* before the hard weather set in; and yet at Christmas time it was shown by the average statistics of all the London workhouses, that there was no unusual degree of suffering amongst the poor. It was perfectly easy to the *Times*

to create the Distress movement, by opening its columns to appeals and reporting donations, with the occasional stimulus of a thorough-going leading article. It is a striking, and in many respects a hopeful, fact, as a sign of the tendency of the public mind, that this great power should have been applied directly to the help of the needy and miserable; but, unfortunately, the good is not gained without grievous injury to our social order, and without the danger of inflicting permanent damage upon the class it is designed to benefit.

There is one injustice which the *Times* has itself committed, and encouraged others to commit, which ought not to be left without a protest. We are told that our Poor-Law administration has evidently failed. The proofs of that failure are the appeals in the *Times*, the crowds at the police-courts, and the parties of "frozen-out" labourers asking relief in the streets. That contributions should be asked for, and should still pour in to the Field Lane Refuge, and

to the fund for Mr. Douglas's District, after the frank announcement that many thousands in each case are being invested for the benefit of posterity, may be surprising, but it proves nothing against any Board of Guardians. It is quite certain, again, that if the magistrates are found willing to distribute crowns and shillings promiscuously, they will have plenty of applicants till their fund is exhausted. That the lowest class of labourers, when thrown out of work, will beg in the streets, if they can get anything by it, is also certain. I have just heard, on good authority, of a large number of labourers having refused work which was offered to them, preferring the chances of relief in the streets. But the existence of such a degree of want as is implied in these applications does not sustain the attacks which have been made on the Metropolitan Boards of Guardians. These attacks have been singularly reckless and unfounded.

The *Times*, with its usual breadth, assumes that the parishes and unions in London are quite inoperative as regards the relief of the poor, and that the poor-rates are paid for nothing. The *Saturday Review* believes all London guardians to be a set of niggardly shopkeepers, privately employed in scraping together small gains, and dealing in a "barbarous" manner with the poor. It is very different, we are told, in the country and in Manchester, where the Poor-Law works admirably. Now, as regards this contrast between London and the country, it will probably be allowed that no place, unless it be Liverpool, presents so many difficulties to Poor-Law administration as London, with its unsettled *colluvies gentium*. This being considered, it is probable that an average London Board would not be at all behind any country Board either in intelligence or in humanity.

If we take the parish of St. Marylebone as an illustration, it will not be supposed, by Saturday Reviewers at least, to be too favourable a specimen. I speak with a prejudice in favour of a body of which I am a member; but the language I have referred to is manifestly

inapplicable to the St. Marylebone Board. In the first place, the members of it are not all shopkeepers. If the reviewer were to attend any ordinary meeting of the Board, he would find there two baronets, who have justly earned the respect and goodwill of their colleagues and fellow-parishioners; the Rector of St. Marylebone, who devotes a main part of at least two days in every week to the workhouse; gentlemen of independent means, and of the military, the legal, and the medical professions, retired men of business, and tradesmen of all degrees,—working together with much zeal and industry. Not one of these would think of taxing any section of the Board with hardness or inhumanity. Nor is the popular or democratic feeling in favour of a harsh parsimony, but decidedly against it. If the Poor-Law Commissioners exercised complete control over the parish, hundreds of pounds would be saved to the rates. The salaries of certain officers would be paid out of national funds, the out-door relief would be contracted, and other reductions secured. But the popular feeling is strongly against the Poor-Law Board, and one reason for it is the belief that, under their rule, there would be less indulgence towards the poor. I may say generally, that no expense is spared which the most humane of the guardians are satisfied would be legal and beneficial.

Every Board of Guardians, moreover, acts under many checks. The reporters know very well that any complaint or scandal makes better reading in their newspapers than the most exemplary freedom from reproach. The Poor-Law Board makes inquiry upon every appeal addressed to it, even from a single poor person. Clergymen and philanthropists are jealously on the watch to protest against any cruel treatment of their neighbours. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the complaints which are brought to the notice of the Board are disposed of by correcting the alleged facts. In any exceptional case, redress is instantly given.

I admit, however, that, notwithstand-

ing the good intentions of the Board, the results of their administration are by no means of a kind that would defy criticism. Not to speak of the insuperable difficulties of a constant weary struggle against vice, and idleness, and fraud, the management of so vast a business as that of the St. Marylebone workhouse requires great administrative capacity and constant vigilance; and a board of thirty perfectly equal members, elected every year, does not promise much efficiency in government. The numbers of in-door poor at this moment (January 18th), amounting to 2,039, would people a small town; whilst there are 3,332 "on the books" receiving out-door relief; and, in addition to these numbers, 2,851 have had casual relief during the last week. The cost of the relief of the poor during the year has been 53,500*l*. This does not look as if the guardians of the poor in the metropolis were doing nothing. It is inevitable that, in the execution of so enormous a task, we should be too much in the hands of our paid officers, so long as the power and the responsibility are diffused equally through thirty members. If a salaried chairman were appointed, to give his whole time to the business of the workhouse, he would probably soon save his salary by the economies he might introduce, besides guarding the parish from frequent troubles and scandals.

But even if such blots were more numerous and discreditable than they are, it is obvious—and no well informed person could forget it—that the substantial relief of the poor is, and must be, the work of the guardians, and that *the better this work is done the less the public hear of it*. At the same time, the public have ample opportunities of knowing what is going on at the workhouse, through the meetings, open to ratepayers and reporters, at the workhouse and the vestry, and through the reports in the local newspapers. But the Poor-Law administration does not exterminate distress, nor pretend to do it. *No system of relief, however charitable, could possibly put an end to*

distress. The causes of physical misery, whilst they remain, make that misery inevitable. In those instances of undoubted destitution which have been detailed before the magistrates and elsewhere, we do not know how much is due to drunkenness, that plague and curse of our poor. And how can you keep a drunkard out of want? Another cause of distress is scarcely less difficult to cope with—the imbecility and want of energy which infects some persons like a disease. Then there is the downright idleness of not a few, which keeps them from seeking work, and throws them out of occupation when they get it. The destitution which arises from sickness and misfortune—the character of the sufferers having been reasonably good—ought to be relieved humanely by the workhouse, if not more indulgently cared for, as one might surely hope it would be, by the kindness of friends and by Christian charity.

Let me add, somewhat abruptly, the following suggestions:—

1. It seems to be necessary to revive the old warnings against unguarded and too ambitious almsgiving. Of course, the magistrates who have laboured so generously during the last few days in the summary relief of crowds of applicants, will be compelled to discontinue those unprofitable labours. It is a very inconsiderate benevolence which has imposed so hopeless a task upon them. But there is great fear lest societies, rich in means and eager to help the needy, should be tempted to stimulate mendicancy and vagabondage. No greater harm can be done than this to our labouring population.

2. In dealing directly with distress, the efforts of charitable persons should be based as far as possible upon personal knowledge, and should chiefly aim, I submit, at assisting with judgment and delicacy those whom a temporary gift or a little pension may save from pauperism, and make more comfortable, without encouraging vice or idleness;—not at supplying the wants indiscriminately of the needy or unemployed. Exceptional distress, like that at Coventry, may, of course,

call for an exceptional effort of private charity; but workhouse relief has advantages for dealing with the lowest strata of poverty which private persons do not possess; and there need be no scruple about leaving apparently destitute applicants for help, when we can know nothing of their character or real circumstances, to the relieving-officer.

3. Gentlemen of leisure and public spirit may do much service by obtaining a knowledge of our public relief-system, by watching its administration, and by offering themselves for election as guardians of the poor.

4. By far the best way of battling with destitution and misery is to labour in those efforts which are likely to better the condition of the poor. Whatever

institutions and practices have a tendency to educate and encourage the poor, and to promote their self-respect, are more useful agencies "for the relief of distress," than those which may hold out a delusive hope to the improvident. A sober and industrious working man, even of the poorest class, ought to be able to stand against a fortnight's loss of work without running a risk of starvation. We may all remember, for the spring and the summer, the importance of sound efforts to encourage hope, and knowledge, and self-reliance amongst our poorer neighbours; and so, when the dangerous and irregular charity-work of this winter is over, we may be labouring beforehand most effectually to mitigate the sufferings of the next.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR HENSLOW.

HITCHAM, IPSWICH,
January, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR,

The manner in which my name is noticed in a review of Mr. Darwin's work in your number for December, is liable to lead to a misapprehension of my view of Mr. Darwin's "Theory on the Origin of Species." Though I have always expressed the greatest respect for my friend's opinions, I have told himself that I cannot assent to his speculations without seeing stronger proofs than he has yet produced. I send you an extract from a letter I have received from my brother-in-law the Rev. L. Jenyns, the well-known author of "British Vertebrata," as it very nearly expresses the views I at present entertain, in regard to Mr. Darwin's theory—or rather hypothesis, as I should prefer calling it. I have heard his book styled "the book of the day," on more than one occasion by a most eminent naturalist; who is himself opposed to and has written against its conclusions; but who considers it ought not to be attacked with

flippant denunciation, as though it were unworthy consideration. If it be faulty in its general conclusions, it is surely a stumble in the right direction, and not to be refuted by arguments which no naturalist will allow to be really adverse to the speculations it contains.

Yours faithfully,

J. S. HENSLOW.

EXTRACT.

"I see, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, you are arranged with Lyell, Hooker, and others in the list of those who have espoused Darwin's views. I was not aware you had become a convert to his theory, and can hardly suppose you have accepted it as a whole, though, like myself, you may go the length of imagining that many of the smaller groups, both of animals and plants, may at some remote period have had a common parentage. I do not, with some, say that the whole of his theory cannot be true—but, that it is very far from proved; and I doubt its ever being possible to prove it."

ERRATUM.

By a mistake in the article on "DIAMONDS" in the last number (p. 189), the weight of the Koh-i-noor in its cut state was given as 10½ carats, instead of 103½.